

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

No. 1581.

PRICE
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UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1858.—THE ANNUAL COURSE OF LECTURES AND EXAMINATIONS IN PREPARATION FOR THIS EXAMINATION WILL COMMENCE AT KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON, ON MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1858. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO J. W. CUNNINGHAM, SECRETARY, KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. R. W. JELF, D.D., PRINCIPAL.

GEOLGY AND MINERALOGY.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—PROF. MORRIS, F.G.S., WILL COMMENCE HIS COURSE OF LECTURES ON TUESDAY, THE 16TH OF FEBRUARY, AT A QUARTER-PAST 4 O'CLOCK.

EDWARD S. CREASY, A.M., DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS AND LAWS.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON, SECRETARY TO THE COUNCIL.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—RICHARD WESTMACOTT, Esq. R.A., WILL DELIVER FOUR LECTURES ON SCULPTURE, ON THE EVENINGS OF MONDAY, THE 15TH AND 22ND OF FEBRUARY, AND THE 1ST AND 8TH OF MARCH. THE LECTURES COMMENCE EACH EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., SECRETARY.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—S. A. HART, Esq. R.A., WILL DELIVER SIX LECTURES ON PAINTING, ON THE EVENINGS OF THURSDAY, THE 18TH AND 25TH OF FEBRUARY, AND THE 4TH, 11TH, 18TH, AND 25TH OF MARCH.

THE LECTURES COMMENCE EACH EVENING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PRECISELY.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., SECRETARY.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS WILL BE OPENED ON MONDAY, THE 5TH OF APRIL NEXT. ARTICLES FOR EXHIBITION, WHETHER SPECIMENS, MODELS, OR DRAWINGS, MUST BE FORWARDED TO THE SOCIETY'S HOUSE, CARRIAGE PAID, NOT LATER THAN SATURDAY, THE 5TH OF MARCH. NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR SPACE, AND THE EXHIBITION IS FREE TO THE PUBLIC. PERSONS INTENDING TO EXHIBIT THEIR INVENTIONS ARE ADVISED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE SECRETARY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

BY ORDER, P. LE NEVE FOSTER, SECRETARY.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., SECRETARY.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL OF MINES, Jermyn-street.—THE FOLLOWING COURSES OF LECTURES ARE ABOUT TO BE COMMENCED.

TEN LECTURES ON GEOLOGY, BY PROFESSOR RAMSEY, F.R.S., TO BE DELIVERED ON MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, AND WEDNESDAYS, AT 9 A.M., COMMENCING ON MONDAY, THE 13TH OF FEBRUARY. FEE, FOR THE COURSE, £1. 10s.

THIRTY LECTURES ON MINERALOGY, BY MR. T. H. HENRY, F.R.S., TO BE DELIVERED ON MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, AND WEDNESDAYS, AT 3 P.M., COMMENCING ON MONDAY, THE 13TH INST. FEE, FOR THE COURSE, £2.

FIFTY LECTURES ON NATURAL HISTORY, OR THE PRINCIPLES OF ZOOLOGY, COMPARATIVE ANATOMY, AND PALEONTOLOGY, BY PROFESSOR HUXLEY, F.R.S., TO BE DELIVERED ON WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND FRIDAYS, AT 10 A.M., COMMENCING ON WEDNESDAY, THE 17TH INSTANT. FEE, FOR THE COURSE, £4.

THIRTY-SIX LECTURES ON APPLIED MECHANICS, BY PROFESSOR MILLE, M.A., F.R.S., TO BE DELIVERED ON WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS, AND FRIDAYS, AT 12 O'CLOCK, COMMENCING ON WEDNESDAY, THE 17TH INSTANT. FEE, FOR THE COURSE, £1. 10s.

TICKETS AND PROSPECTUSES OF THE SCHOOL MAY BE HAD ON APPLICATION.

TRENTHAM REEKS, REGISTRAR.

GEOLGYICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—THE ANNUAL MEETING WILL BE HELD AT THE APARTMENTS OF THE SOCIETY, THE ST. JAMES'S HOTEL, ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH, AT 1 O'CLOCK, AND THE FELLOWS WILL DINE ON THE SAME DAY AT THE FREEMASON'S TAVERN, GREAT QUEEN-STREET, AT 6 O'CLOCK. THE NEWLY-ELECTED PRESIDENT WILL PREIDE.

MEMBERS INTENDING TO DINE ARE REQUESTED TO LEAVE THEIR NAMES AND THOSE OF THEIR FRIENDS AT THE FREEMASON'S TAVERN, OR AT THE SOCIETY'S APARTMENTS, PREVIOUSLY TO THE 19TH INSTANT.

ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION, SUFFOLK- STREET, PALL MALL, WILL CLOSE ON THE 24TH INST. OPEN FROM NINE TILL DUSK, ADMISSION 1s. LECTURE FOR TUESDAY, THE 18TH, BY DR. CRAZE, ESQ. "ON COLOUR." SYDNEY SMIRKE, ESQ., WILL TAKE THE CHAIR ON THAT OCCASION.

JAMES FERGUSON, F.R.A.S. Hon. JAMES EDMESTON, Jun. J. SECS.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—INCORPORATED SEVENTH WILLIAM IV.

16, GROSVENOR-STREET, FEB. 6, 1858.

AT THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING, HELD MONDAY EVENING, THE 6TH INSTANT.

GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, A.R.A. V.P., IN THE CHAIR.—THE FOLLOWING PAPER HAS BEEN READ.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE NEW VAULTS IN WESTMINSTER AND THE PROPOSED ADDITION TO THEM, BY EDWARD M. BARRY, ASSOCIATE.

THE FOLLOWING RESOLUTION WAS CARRIED BY ACCLAMATION:—

"THAT THIS MEETING DESIRES TO CONVEY TO SIR CHARLES BARRY, THROUGH HIS SON, MR. EDWARD M. BARRY, WHOSE ADMIRABLE DESCRIPTION OF HIS FATHER'S GREAT WORK THAT HAVE BEEN EVEN HEARD, THE APPRECIATION OF THE PROFESSOR'S ADVICE AND THE USEFUL INFORMATION, KNOWLEDGE, AND PROFICIENCY DISPLAYED BY HIM IN THE CREATION OF THE GREAT NATIONAL WORK HE HAS NOW BROUGHT TO A PROXIMATE CONCLUSION. IT DESIRES TO OFFER HIM THE HONOR THAT WILL ACCORD WITH HIS DISTINCTION, AND TO EXPRESS THE HOPE THAT HE WILL CONTINUE WITH AN EQUAL STRENGTH HIS MEANING TO REVIVE THE HONOR AND RESPECT TO WHICH HE IS SO JUSTLY ENTITLED, NOT ONLY FROM HIS PROFESSIONAL BRETHREN, BUT FROM THE PUBLIC AT LARGE."

IT WAS FURTHER RESOLVED:—

"THAT THE BEST THANKS OF THE MEETING BE OFFERED TO MR. EDWARD M. BARRY FOR HIS ABLE AND INTERESTING PAPER."

C. G. NELSON, J. HON. M. D. WYATT, SECRETARIES.

FREE EXHIBITION.

DESIGNS FOR THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—THE DRAWINGS AND MODELS WHICH ARE NOW ON SHOW AT THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, ARE FREE ON MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, AND SATURDAYS, FROM TEN TO FOUR O'CLOCK; AND ON MONDAY AND TUESDAY EVENINGS, FROM 7 TO 10. ON THE STUDENTS' DAYS, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, AND ON WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, THE CHARGE FOR ADMIS- SION IS 6d.

SUBSCRIPTIONS IN AID OF THE FUND ARE INVITED.

JAMES BOOTH, J. HON. GEORGE GODWIN, SECs.

CHAPEL ROYAL.—C. E. MUDIE REGRETS HIS INABILITY TO COMPLY WITH NUMEROUS APPLICATIONS FOR CARDS TO VIEW THE CHAPEL ROYAL. THE TICKETS CONSIDERED TO HIS CARE WERE ALL DISTRIBUTED ON OR BEFORE THE 5TH INSTANT.

NEW OXFORD-STREET, FEB. 10, 1858.

MR. KIDD'S LONDON AND PROVINCIAL LECTURES.

MR. WILLIAM KIDD'S LECTURES now comprise Choice Subjects on Natural History, Natural Sciences, Mineralogy, Chemistry, Magic, Social Customs, Health, Wealth, and Wisdom; Things in General, and Things in Particular,—all very good-naturedly resolving themselves into the True Philosophy of Every-day Life.—Terms sent (with the Circumstances) post free.—New-road, Hammersmith, Feb. 12.

THE REV. DR. DAVIDSON, LATE OF MAN-

CHESTER, RECEIVES INTO HIS FAMILY A FEW PUPILS to be superintended in their Studies while they attend the Classes of University College; to be assisted in preparing for Matriculation or a Degree in Arts; or to be wholly educated by himself. Terms one hundred, one hundred and twenty guineas, per annum.—Address Summerfield, Tufnell Park West, N.

PRIVATE TUITION.—OXFORD.—THE REV.

P. J. HULME, M.A., LATE VICE-MASTER OF LEAMINGTON COLLEGE, AND PREVIOUSLY FELLOW AND TUTOR OF WADHAM COLLEGE, OXFORD, RECEIVES RESIDENT PUPILS IN OXFORD, FROM THE AGE OF 16, TO PREPARE FOR MATRICULATION AND OTHER EXAMINATIONS.—1, PARK VILLAS, ST. GILES'S, OXFORD.

TO PROPRIETORS OF LADIES' SCHOOLS.

A LADY, WHOSE PRACTICE IN TUITION HAS OBTAINED FOR HER THE SERVICES OF A CHOICE PUPIL, IS DESIROUS OF PURCHASING A SHARE IN A FIRST RATE SCHOOL, WHERE HER EXPERIENCE AS WELL AS HER CONNECTIONS MAY BE MADE AVAILABLE. PRINCIPALS OR THEIR SOLICITORS ONLY TREATED.

EDWARD M. HALE, PUBLISHER, 106, FLEET-STREET, E.C.

NAVIGATION SCHOOL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE BOARD OF TRADE.—SEPARATE CLASSES FOR

MASTERS AND MATES IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE, AT 60 PER WEEK, AND FOR SEAMEN, AT 60 PER WEEK, MEET DAILY AT THE SAILORS' HOME, WELL-STREET, LONDON DOCKS. APPRENTICES ADMITTED FREE.—AUCTIONS TO BE MADE AT THE SAILORS' HOME.

PREPARATION FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS,

AND FOR THE UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE, AND MILITARY EXAMINATIONS. TUTORS OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY.

M. A. PHILLIPS, OF THE UNIVERSITY, CALNE, IN SOMERSETSHIRE, THAN ONE HUNDRED OF WHOM PUPILS HAVE PASSED THEIR EXAMINATIONS WITH SUCCESS, CONTINUES TO GIVE LESSONS IN PRIVATE FAMILIES AND AT HIS OWN ROOMS.

EDWARD COLEMAN, 106, FLEET-STREET, E.C.

MEDICAL.—TO PARENTS AND GUAR-

DIAINS.—A SURGEON, CONNECTED WITH A PROVINCIAL SCHOOL OF MEDICINE, IS DESIROUS OF RECEIVING PUPILS WHO WILL HAVE SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR STUDYING HIS SUBJECTS.

HE WANTS THEM TO BE WELL EDUCATED AND OF GENTLEMANLY HABITS.

THE FIRST REFERENCES ARE ADDRESSED TO M. A. BOOTH'S LIBRARY, 307, READING-STREET.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL IN BERLIN.—

A MAP OF BERLIN, WITH VIEWS OF THE PRINCIPAL EDifices, SHOWING THE KUNSTSCHULE (THE ROYAL ACADEMY), THE RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCESS, OVERLOOKING THE "Schloss Brücke" (CASTLE BRIDGE), AND THE FAMOUS PROMENADE "unter den Linden," IN PLAIN, OR COLOURED; ALSO FOLDED IN A COVER, 12. THIS MAP FORMED ONE OF A SERIES OF MAPS OF BERLIN, DRAWN BY S. COLEMAN, AND PUBLISHED BY EDWARD STANFORD, 6, CHANCERY-LANE, CROSS.

THIS SERIES CONSISTS OF MAPS AND PLANS, SOLD SEPARATELY AT THE SAME PRICE AS THE PLAN OF BERLIN; OR COMPRESSED IN ONE HALF-BOUND RUSSIAN, PRICE 10s.; OR IN VARIOUS SELECTIONS, HALF-BOUND, 12s., OR 3s. 6d., OR 7s. 6d. A COMPLETE CATALOGUE TO BE HAD.

THE MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. THE PRIN-

CESS ROYAL.—DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY.

MRS. CALDESI & MONTECHELLI, 28, PORCHESTER-TERRACE, AND AT MESSRS. COLEMAGH & CO., PALL MALL EAST, HAVE BEEN PERMITTED TO TAKE A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BRIDESMAIDS IN THEIR BRIDAL DRESS.

IT WILL BE IMMEDIATELY PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. COLEMAGH & CO., PALL MALL EAST, AND MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW & SONS, MANCHESTER, PRICE 12s.; OR MOUNTED WITH GLASS, 21s.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ORNAMENTAL ART IN 1858, AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

I. THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS OF LONDON AND OF PARIS—THE LATTER ESPECIALLY—HAVE SHOWN THAT THE SCHOOLS OF ART HAVE ALREADY IMPROVED.

THEIR INSTRUCTORS ARE MORE AND MORE CAPABLE OF GIVING THE PUPILS THE PROOF OF THE INFLUENCE OF THE ORNAMENTAL ART OF THE COUNTRY, AND, BY DOING SO, A STIMULUS TO THE ARTIST AND THE MANUFACTURER, USEFUL INFLUENCE UPON THE PUBLIC.

IN THESE VIEWS, IT IS INTENDED IN THE SPRING OF 1858 TO HOLD AN EXHIBITION OF THOSE WORKS OF ORNAMENTAL ART, PRODUCED SINCE THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE SCHOOL OF ART, AS ARTICLES OF COMMERCE, WHICH EITHER IN THEIR ORIGINAL DESIGN OR IN THEIR ENTIRE EXECUTION HAVE BEEN CARRIED OUT BY THOSE WHO HAVE DERIVED INSPIRATION FROM THESE SCHOOLS.

III. THE WORKS WILL CONSIST OF CARRIAGES IN ALL MATERIALS, FURNITURE, DECORATIONS, METAL WORKING OF ALL KINDS, JEWELLERY AND GOLDSMITHS' WORK, POTTERY, GLASS, AND ALL KINDS OF DECORATIVE WORK.

WHETHER THE STATE MAY BE ABLE TO DO IN PROMOTING A KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ART, ITS EFFORTS MUST BE FRUITLESS, UNLESS THE PUBLIC ASSISTS IT, BY DEMANDING THAT SUCH KNOWLEDGE SHALL HAVE A PRACTICAL DEVELOPMENT.

THE STATE CAN ONLY ORGANIZE THE ELEMENTARY PART, WHILE THE PUBLIC MUST DO THE REST.

THE SCHOOLS OF ART, IN THE HOLDING OF THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION, IN ORDER THAT THE PUBLIC MAY HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY OF PERFORMING THEIR PART BY GIVING THEM A SMALL COMMISSION, WHICH WILL BE USEFUL IN THE WORKS WHICH EXHIBITIONED ON THIS OCCASION WILL BE CALCULATED TO SHOW HOW FULLY AND FAIRLY THE INFLUENCE WHICH THE SCHOOLS OF ART EXERCISE IN THE COUNTRY.

V. THE WORKS MUST BE SENT TO THE DIRECTORATE ON ONE OF THE DATES WHICH WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE CIRCULAR, AND MUST BE ADDRESSED TO THE SECRETARY, AND BE ACCOMPANIED BY A NOTE WRITTEN ONLY ON THE FIRST AND THIRD PAGES DESCRIBING THEM AS THEY ARE MEANT TO BE INSERTED IN THE CATALOGUE.

THE DESIGNERS AND ARTISTS' NAMES MUST BE LISTED, WITH THE NAMES OF THE SCHOOLS AND THE PERIODS IN WHICH THEY HAVE ATTENDED.

IT IS DESIRABLE THAT THE PRICE OF EACH ARTICLE SHOULD BE STATED.

VI. ALL WORKS SENT FOR EXHIBITION ARE SUBJECT TO THE APPROVAL OR REJECTION OF THE DEPARTMENT.

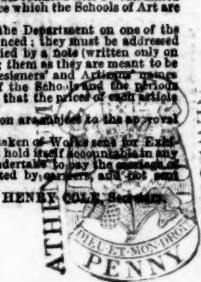
VII. EVERY POSSIBLE CARE WILL BE TAKEN OF WORKS SENT FOR EXHIBITION.

IF ANY DAMAGE OR LOSS OCCURS, THE OWNER WILL BE UNDERTAKEN TO PAY THE COST OF REPAIRING OR REPLACING THE SAME.

EVERY PACKAGE WHICH MAY BE PRESENTED BY CARRIERS AND POST OFFICES THROUGH A SCHOOL OF ART.

HENRY COLE, SECRETARY.

South Kensington Museum.



D E QUINCEY'S WORKS.—CAUTION TO THE TRADE.

The Publishers beg to caution the Trade against purchasing certain copies of De Quincey's Works, Vol. VII. ('Studies on Secret Records,' &c.) and Vol. VIII. ('Studies on Secret Records,' &c.) which have been introduced into the market, and sold at the usual trade price, without their known titles. These copies are supposed to have been obtained from the Wreck of the Sloop Steamer "Rapid," sunk off Yarmouth, by a Collision on the passage from Edinburgh to London. The case is undergoing legal investigation.

February 10, 1858.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—PICTURE GALLERY.

The WINTER EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, containing upwards of One Thousand Pictures and Drawings by eminent Artists of the British, French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Italian, and other Modern Schools of Europe.

Also examples of the Ancient Masters, particularly of the Raphael school, as well as Flemish and German Gothicies of the fifteenth century.

For particulars of purchase, apply to Mr. H. Moorhead, in the Gallery.

M E S S R S . H U N T & R O S K E L L beg respectfully to state that the MEDALS, BY PERMISSION, in Commemoration of the Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal with H.R.H. Prince Frederick William of Prussia, are now for SALE. In Gold, 40s.; in Silver, 3s.; in Bronze, 1s. 5s. The dies are by Mr. L. C. Wyon, who was honoured with Sittings.

Messrs. Hunt & Roskell have also prepared Miniature Medals, with the Portraits separate, by the same Artist. In Gold, 3s. 10s. with the pair; in Silver, 1s. 12s. the pair.

156, New Bond-street, London, W. Feb. 4.

A PARTMENTS.—TO BE LET in the House of Professional Men, situated in the best part of Brompton. PARCELS, &c., can be accommodated to convenience; suitable for a Gentleman and a Lady, or a Single Gentleman, either with or without partial board.—For Cards of Address, apply to Messrs. DROOSTER & ALLAN, 183, Strand.

T O COLLECTORS.—TWENTY COPIES of a FASCICLE of 100 ALPINE and other rare SCIENTIFIC PLANTS, are still to be had, 1s. 6d. or two copies 1s. 6s. care of Editor of "The Phytologist," 22, Upper Manor-street, Chelsea.

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And at the West-end Office, 34, Regent-circus.

WOOD-ENGRAVING.—MR. GILKS respectfully announces that he continues to execute every branch of the Art in the best style and at most reasonable charges. Labels—Show-cards, and Trade Catalogues DESIGNED AND PRINTED.—London, 31, Essex-street, Strand, W.C.

J OHN ADLARD, Bookbinder, late of 35, Villiers-street, Holborn, begs respectfully to thank the Nobility and Gentry who have favoured him with their patronage, and to inform them that he has now REMOVED to more desirable business premises, No. 42a, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE, West Smithfield, where he will be happy to receive their instructions, and to execute all orders with care and punctuality.

N.B. Books bound in all the various styles. Libraries furnished, &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC JOURNAL.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the next Number are requested to be sent to the Publishers on or before the 17th of February. Taylor & Francis, Red Lion-court, Fleet-street.

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MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY. NOTICE.

Many Copies of each of the following Works are "at home" this day:—Livingstone's Travels in Africa—Atkinson's Siberia—Year after Year—Smyley's Accents of Tennessee—Toni Brown School Days—Woman's Thoughts—Mrs. Weston's Cookery—Harry Mrs. Grey's A Timely Retreat from Meursur—Adèle, by Julia Kavanaugh—Autobiography of Lutulah—Life of George Stephen—Macknight's Life and Times of Burke—Conybeare's St. Paul—Harford's Michael Angelo—Dallas's Entomology—Rawlinson's History of the East—Bacon's Essays—Fleming's History of Kirk's Elements of Drawing—White Lies, by Charles Read—Drayton's Sporting Scenes in Africa—Stoughton's Ages of Christendom—Carter's Life of Bishop Armstrong—The Three Clerks—Court Fools—Memoirs of Beranger, &c. &c.

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The Subscribers respectfully solicit Consignments for Public Sale in Boston, U.S., for the Exhibition and Sale of which they have unqualified confidence, and will give prompt account of Sales.—THEATER & WARREN, Merchants, Liverpool, England; LITTLE, BROWN & CO. Booksellers, Boston, U.S.

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N OTICE.—J. A. B R O D H E A D & C O. AUCTIONEERS and GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 35, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, UNITED STATES, respectfully solicit CONSIGNMENTS of Books, Engravings, Paintings, and Objects of Art and Virtù generally. They pay especial attention to such of Consignments, and insure for their English friends good prices, liberal advances when required, prompt payment on all accounts, and safe delivery. Hon. R. Campbell, United States Consul, Messrs. Willis & Son, London; Hon. John M. Brodhead, Comptroller, United States Treasury; Hon. N. P. Banks, Speaker of U.S. House of Representatives, Washington; Butler, Keith & Co. Boston.

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Sale by Auction.

M R. L. A. LEWIS will SELL, at his House, 16, the Fleet-street, on TUESDAY, 13th, and TUESDAY, 14th, the LIBRARY of a GENTLEMAN, including Books, Manuscripts, &c., and a valuable Collection of Prints, &c.

Edinburgh Marriages, from its commencement to June 1857, 51 vols.—Lodge's Illustrious Portraits, 12 vols.—Swift's Works, by Scott, 19 vols.—British Essays, 45 vols., two sets—Burke's Works, 45 vols.—Bentley's Works, 8 vols.—Wickering—Political Cabinet, 45 vols.—Bennet's Works, 10 vols.—Shakspeare—Chambers'—David (Baskerville)—Modern British Drama, 5 vols.—Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 4 vols.—together with a Collection of Mathematical and Classical Books from Cambridge.

Pall Mall.—Capital Modern and a few Ancient Pictures, Collection of very fine Water-colour Drawings, rare Miniatures, exquisite Carvings, Enamels, Stained Glass, Clocks, Consoles, Cabinets, and Decorative Objects, the property of Mr. J. C. GRUNDY, of Manchester, and collected by him with the true feeling of a lover of the Fine Arts.

M E S S R S . F O S T E R are directed to SELL by AUCTION, at the Gallery, 54, Pall Mall, on WEDNESDAY, February 17, and following day, at 1 o'clock precisely, an important COLLECTION OF WORKS and OBJECTS OF ART, of which the following is a brief recital. Modern Pictures by the most distinguished Masters, &c.

F. Goodall Cresswick and Eg. R.A. Crewe and R.A. Creswick and R. A. Goodall C. R. Leslie, R.A. Frith, R.A. P. Naymorth Frost, A.R.A. St. John Pynson, R.A. Blundell, R.A. John Martin Baxter, R.A. J. Linnean T. W. Topham Eddy, R.A.

The Old Masters include Terberg, Weenix, B. del Piombo, Both, Guido, Paganini, and other great Masters. Water-colour Drawings by the finest masters, including a collection of Works of De Wit, J. Jenkins, F. Stone, John Martin, John Frith, R.A. Coxfield, R.A. T. M. Richardson, John Faed, R.A. L. P. Pocock, R.A. D. Catherwood, Callow, J. F. Lewis Louis Haghe, Heaphy, J. D. Harding W. Goodall Abelon, T. W. Hunt F. Danby, R.A. F. Taylor.

Also many decorative objects, including busts and gilt cabinets and tables, console tables, bibliotheques, book cases, &c., and old and mouli clocks, girandoles and brackets by De Boule, Florentine bronzes, including I Cavalli di Marli, Venus de' Medici, Gladiator del Capitale, &c.; a beautiful vase of silver gilt by Kersten, of Stralsund, and several others, some engraved in silver and hard woods, binters, ruby glass, old stained glass windows, and a variety of articles of taste and virtue.

Will be on view three days preceding.—54, Pall Mall.

M R. J. C. STEVENS will SELL by AUCTION, at his Great Room, 38, King-street, Covent-garden, on FRIDAY, 19th February, at half-past 12 o'clock precisely, one VOLUME of BOOGIE'S MAGAZINE OF NATURAL HISTORY and Comparative Anatomy, a Microscope with Object glasses by Ross, Cabinets, Specimens of Natural History, and Miscellaneous Articles, the Property of a Gentleman.

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The grandest of subjects, ample materials, and unlimited pecuniary means, are three inducements to make a book. When we add to these a son's natural and becoming ardour for an illustrious father's fame, we can scarcely avoid asking ourselves how it is that no life of Arthur Duke of Wellington has yet emanated from the pen or the patronage of his successor? What more graceful than for a son to arrange the laurels on a father's tomb!—what more just than, as it were, thus to render Life for Life! It is true that many hands have already strewed the *immortelles*—that word is doubly significant here—on the grave of the hero,—true that a grateful nation has recorded its admiration and regrets in marble and bronze,—but the crowd would willingly step aside for the chief mourner, and a son speaking on such a theme must command attention. Yet we do not know whether the present Duke has not commenced what might have been expected from him in a better way than by a direct biography. Cesar wrote his autobiography in his Commentaries, and the Iron Duke has left the best life of himself in his Despatches. No paintings of a panegyrist could produce such a picture of this greatest of England's generals as is handed down to us in the bold strokes of his own vigorous pencil. We rise from the perusal of his letters filled with amazement at the energy, judgment, and sagacity of the man; a man of whom it may justly be said, that nothing was too minute for his penetration to detect, and nothing too arduous for his genius to overcome.

Those who cast their eyes upon the array of volumes containing the Wellington Despatches already given to the world may be apt to think that little was left to publish. We can assure them that they are entirely mistaken, and that there are passages in this Supplementary volume not inferior in interest to the most important they have yet seen. The reader will find them teeming with valuable hints and sound information on almost every Indian subject, from the defence of Oude to the care of soldiers' hammocks on board ship. If the military man wishes to see how careful a good general is of even the minutest trifles affecting the health and comfort of his soldiers, let him study the "Regimental Orders for (troops) on Board Ship." If he would learn how to make the best of his leisure time, let him read the memorandum "On the Defences and Finances of Pulo Penang," and that on the Commerce of Bengal. We see in these papers and in many others the activity of a truly great mind which is not to be restricted to mere routine, but studies and digests all subjects of real interest, and thus accumulates stores of information to be drawn upon in future exigencies. Col. Wesley (the first paper which bears the name Wellesley is dated the 19th of May, 1798) had been scarcely twelve months in India when he showed more knowledge of the country than many men who had been there for years. His paper, dated July 1798, on collecting an army in the Barabahal, is a proof of this. We can hardly believe that the spring of the previous year saw him landing for the first time on the shores of Hindostan, and that a brief visit of two months to Madras proved sufficient for him to acquire all the

information he displays regarding the Carnatic. Yet so it was; and it is certain that after that brief stay at Madras he returned once more to Calcutta in the Endeavour. *A propos* of this, we can supply the noble Editor of these Despatches with an instance of the Duke's ill-fortune, should it be called, in meeting with heavy weather at sea, or good fortune in always escaping safe? His narrow escape *en route* to Manilla is well known, and is alluded to in this volume; not so the equally narrow escape from a capsiz in the Endeavour. The ship was, in nautical phrase, well found and a good one, with a thorough sailor for a captain, and had arrived so near its destination as to have taken the pilot on board. Now these Bengal pilots were, and are, men of superior pretensions and drawing considerable pay. The pilot who took charge of the Endeavour came on deck with a smart native servant, to whom, after a short interval, he called in Hindostani, "Boy, bring water to drink." The water was brought, and the call was very soon repeated, and again responded to. "Well," said the captain to Col. Wellesley, with whom he was pacing the quarter-deck, "we have at all events a remarkably sober pilot—rather unusual, he drinks nothing but water." Presently a heavy squall was seen coming up from the north-west, and as every sail was set the captain watched it closely, every moment expecting that the pilot would give the order to let fly sheets and brail up. No order came, however, not even when a vessel some two miles to windward, which had made all ready by taking in sail, nevertheless heeled right over almost on her beam-ends. The pilot said nothing but "Boy, bring some water!" The captain's patience failed at last, and he shouted to take in sail—but just in time, for before the work was half done the vessel was on her beam-ends, and canvas and spars were flying in all directions. The pilot was, in fact, drunk, and his calls for water had been accompanied with a secret intimation to his servant by applying one finger to the middle of another, or three quarters down, as the case might be,—and according to this sign the tumbler was filled one-half or three-quarters full of Hollands. Thus, through no higher a cause than a tipsy pilot, Assaye and Waterloo might never have been won.

To return to the Despatches. Rising from the perusal of the new volume, we almost feel inclined to pronounce that the gems of the collection have been kept till now. This arises from the singular light thrown upon the present Indian Revolt by many pages containing the Duke's early Indian impressions. Let, for example, the following description of the native character be read at a moment when all are inquiring how far the stories of revolting cruelty and fiendish treachery circulated regarding the rebels are true and how far not true:—

"The natives, as far as I have observed, are much misrepresented. They are the most mischievous, deceitful race of people I have seen or read of. I have not yet met with a Hindoo who had one good quality, even for the state of society in his own country, and the Mussulmans are worse than they are. Their meekness and mildness do not exist. It is true that the feats which have been performed by Europeans have made them objects of fear; but wherever the disproportion of numbers is greater than usual, they uniformly destroy them if they can, and in their dealings and conduct among themselves they are the most atrociously cruel people I ever heard of. There are two circumstances in this country which must occasion cruelty, and deceit, and falsehood wherever they exist. First, there is a contempt of death in the natives, high and low, occasioned by some of the tenets of the religion of both sects, which makes

that punishment a joke, and I may say an honour, instead of what it is in our country. All our punishments almost are the same, excepting imprisonment and whipping, which occasion loss of caste, and are, therefore, reckoned too severe for the common crimes for which we inflict them at home. The punishments of the Mussulman Governments are precisely in the same state. The Hindus don't care for them, excepting they occasion loss of caste; and the Mussulmans are now so nearly Hindus, that they have not a better effect upon them. Secondly, there is no punishment for perjury either in the Hindoo or Mussulman law. Their learned say that God punishes that crime, and therefore man ought not; and as oaths are notwithstanding administered and believed in evidence, no man is safe in his person or property, let the Government be ever so good. The consequence of all is, that there is more perjury in the town of Calcutta alone than there is in all Europe taken together, and in every other great town it is the same."

The work of selecting from a vast mass of unpublished material—a work from which the present volume has resulted—was no doubt commenced long before the tidings of the outbreak at Meerut, and of the rebellion of the Bengal army, had been received in this country. Yet it seems difficult not to think that some of the remarks—made long ago by the Great Duke—respecting the Bengal and Madras armies had been written for the special circumstances of to-day. A single extract will justify this observation. It is as follows:—

"At Madras it is not the practice to remove officers from one corps to another, excepting when absolutely necessary, and the army is in very high order; in Bengal, from circumstances which I shall mention hereafter, they are moved when and where they please, and there is no army that lays claim to the title of *disciplined* that is in such a bad state. The conduct of the coast army will illustrate another part of this subject. Although their rise is not regimental, the officers are permanently posted to corps; and notwithstanding that their grievances were heavier than those suffered by the officers in Bengal, there was not the same violence of complaint, nor any reason to fear for the consequences of discontent. The grievances were not less felt in Bengal; but as they were regularly organized, and each corps commanded by an officer whose credit depended upon its state of discipline, and who was responsible for its allegiance, the complaints were never so loud: the army never acted as one body, as in Bengal. To their credit it may be said, that if it had been necessary, they would have gone to Bengal and quelled a mutiny for the redress of grievances, in the success of which they were more interested than those who mutinied."

The peculiar defects and disadvantages of the Bengal system, so far, indeed, from escaping the eagle glance of this great master of the art of war, seemed to be always present to his mind. Thus we read shortly after the above passage:—"The marine regiments would be a body of troops which might be employed in all parts of India, and would, therefore, add infinitely to the power of the Company, which is cramped by the prejudices and habits of the Bengal native troops."

On the subject of the Company's Government and its merits and demerits, many incidental remarks occur, which are more valuable than any direct and laboured disquisitions. Take first these lines to Lord Mornington, afterwards Marquis Wellesley, on the bestowal of Indian offices. They occur in a letter on his brother being appointed Governor-General of India:—"I shall be happy to be of service to you in your government; but such are the rules respecting the disposal of all patronage in this country, that I can't expect to derive any advantage from it which I should not obtain

if any other person were Governor-General." This contrasts curiously with Ministerial doings in England, where "Take care of Dowb—" seems to be the rule.

Again, there is no point in which "the transactional policy" of the Directors has been more censured than their repugnance to the settlement of Europeans in India. Hear what is said on this subject by an impartial and most sagacious judge:—

"The policy of the Company's Government has hitherto been to prevent, as much as possible, the residence of Europeans in India; and it has been grounded upon the necessity of preserving in the minds of the natives a respect for the British name and character, which, it is feared, an unrestrained intercourse would tend to remove, as well as upon the danger which would result were they to become acquainted with the language and character of the natives in their territories, and then to enter into the service of the native princes. If an unrestrained intercourse hitherto would have produced either of these effects, it is equally dangerous at the present moment, even although every British subject should become a proprietor; and from some events which have taken place lately, from the language which has been held in the 'Remarks,' it is more than ever necessary for the Company to prevent the resort of Europeans to Bengal. The circumstance which tended most in the course of the last year to preserve the allegiance of the army to the Company's Government was the desire which every individual had to return to Great Britain, and the certainty that if the violent measures proposed were adopted, or that if encouragement were given to proceed to extremities, the door to his return was shut for ever. To this no individual, particularly none of those who have fortunes sufficiently large to maintain them, could make their minds up; and the consequence was that, at the moment when everything appeared most desperate, all subsided. If Europeans had been settled with their families in India; if these men had, or could have had, their homes in that country, the Company would have lost it, and nothing could ever have regained it. By the violence of the language and of the sentiments which are held forth in the 'Remarks,' by the bitter complaints which are made of the British Government and connexion, the sentiments of the Company's civil servants and of those who reside in India by the Company's licence are very apparent: how much more violent would they be if they were proprietors of a soil for the commercial advantages of whose inhabitants they now so violently contend! It is to be expected that they would likewise make India their home; and thus Great Britain would lose its strongest hold upon their allegiance, their desire to return to their native country. However desirable, therefore, it may be that the natives of India should obtain the advantage of British skill and management in agriculture, it is not advisable that the Company should suffer its servants, or those who reside in India by its licence, to become proprietors of land."

We could multiply extracts in this manner on all the leading Indian topics now discussed until a volume were formed little less bulky than that we have under review. Even in that case, it would be to the reader much more satisfactory and almost as economical in point of time to peruse the whole of these Despatches for himself. We must not omit to call attention to the fact, that in Col. Wellesley's days our armies were more numerous in comparison with those of the enemy than they are even at this moment, when such powerful reinforcements have been sent to India, and that the native soldiers were undoubtedly priced at a far higher value than they are now. Tippoo's army numbered but 47,470 fighting men, and we marched against him with a grand army of "3,000 excellent cavalry, five strong regiments of European infantry, all good, and eleven battalions of Sepoys, with about

fifty pieces of cannon," and the Nizam's army of 14,000 men, attached to which were six excellent battalions of the Company's Sepoys, and the 33rd Royal Regiment, with Col. Wellesley at its head. To this force of nearly 40,000 men is to be added the Bombay array, and we may then see how different the army to which Seringapatam fell* and that which pierced the far more numerously defended city of Lucknow, won the victories of Cawnpore, and stormed the imperial city of Delhi.

We will make but one more extract, and that shall be the letter in which Wellesley describes his only failure. He thus speaks of it to his brother:—

"Camp before Seringapatam, April 18, 1799.

"My dear Mornington,—Since I wrote to you on the 5th instant, we have, by the junction of the Bombay army, been enabled to take up such a position as makes it as certain as these things can be that we shall very shortly be in possession of Seringapatam. On the night of the 5th we made an attack upon the enemy's outposts, which, at least on my side, was not quite so successful as could have been wished. The fact was that the night was very dark, that the enemy expected us, and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle. We lost an officer killed, and others and some men wounded (of the 33rd); and at last, as I could not find out the post which it was desirable I should occupy, I was obliged to desist from the attack, the enemy also having retired from the post. In the morning they re-occupied it, and I attacked it again at daylight, and carried it with ease and little loss. In the course of the night of the 5th and the day of the 6th the General was enabled to occupy a line of posts which gave complete security to his camp till the Bombay army joined, at the same time that they enable him to commence his operations for the siege with advantage. I got a slight touch on the knee, from which I have felt no inconvenience, on the night of the 5th; and I have come to a determination, when in my power, never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight. We remained in the posts which we occupied on the 6th till the Bombay army joined on the 14th. It crossed the river on the 16th, and yesterday occupied a post close to the fort, which gives us every reason to believe that we shall carry our object without much difficulty. I cannot write with common temper about our rice concerns. The last time I wrote to you I had reason to believe that we had plenty; you will probably hear that we have now rice for only eighteen days at half allowance. This is unpleasant, and, considering the quantity of rice we brought with us, and the pains taken upon the subject, it is shameful. However, if Read comes we are still safe, and we must only redouble our exertions to get the place before the 4th of May, up to which day we have rice. The brinjars who go down to the Barahmahal at present ought to be loaded without delay, and prepared to move to us again by the first opportunity. With this view, the magazines at Vellore and Arnee ought to be sent forward as fast as possible. Every exertion should be made to do this. I hope that Read marched on the 17th, and that he has been joined by Colonel Brown. If we can't take the place, our salvation depends upon that; but I trust we shall have the place."

Much has been said about this failure; but those who know the difficult ground near Seringapatam, where it occurred, will not be surprised that it should have happened, especially in an intensely dark night. At least, we cannot endorse General Harris's remark, "He missed his road coming back, although we would have thought it impossible." Indeed, the whole extract from the diary of that officer, as given in the first volume of Gurwood, seems to indicate a not very partial *animus*. However, as there is no rule without its exception, we must accept this one to the constancy of Wel-

lington's successes, with the express condition that it was the only one.

Biography of Elisha Kent Kane. By William Elder. (Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson; London, Trübner & Co.)

To Dr. Kane the world was little more than a garden, intersected by ornamental wafer. It had its wildernesses, such as Lord Bacon says are proper to gardens; but the tight-footed Pennsylvanian rambled from one zone to another, as though he had been the universal landlord. If he spent the summer months in Greenland, his winter was comforted by the sun of Sumatra,—when he had interested himself in the barbarism of Sennar, he compared it with the old-fashioned civilization of Persia. The wandering Cartaphilus was not more sudden in his flights across the globe. Before attaining the age of thirty, Kane had visited Madeira, Brazil, Ceylon, Luzon, China, and its islands, Borneo, Sumatra, Persia, Nubia, Sennar, Greece, Mexico, the West Indies, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and West Greenland,—he had been upon the equator in the Oriental Archipelago, and he had reached the utmost limits of geographical research in Lancaster Sound. With the sunny side of Europe he was familiar, with Spanish oil, with Portuguese wine, with German beer, with Italian palaces,—he had chatted with the archers of the Tyrol,—he had received learned salutations in Paris,—London had delighted to honour his great and intrepid exertions,—in the Nile Valley he had climbed up to the chin of Memnon,—in Luzon, dived into an unexplored crater,—and bathed in a forbidden asphaltic lake. Yet this was no man of iron, no little Hercules exulting in health and physical buoyancy. At twenty-one, feeling himself doomed to a painful life, he resolved never to marry, upon entering the naval service he avowed himself subject to "chronic rheumatism, and cardiac disturbance"—in Egypt he was attacked by the plague—in Africa by the coast fever—in Philadelphia he lay dangerously ill for weeks

—wounded by a lance in Mexico he was reported dead—next he had a visitation of lock-jaw—at sea he was smitten with paralysis, which ultimately touched his brain—and he died in January, 1857, in his thirty-seventh year. Here we have the example of a man chronically and acutely afflicted, not only bearing up under every form of suffering, but ransacking the whole earth in pursuit of his favourite designs, undertaking gigantic toils, venturing into the presence of every species of danger, aiming at nothing for himself, but dedicating a life of daring devotion to the service of humanity. His character was conspicuously free from the common vices and frailties of his age; he was generous, charitable, just to rich and poor, modest and humane. The only accusation ever levelled against him has been satisfactorily dissipated. Such a citizen, such a memory, America does well to honour. The obsequies of Dr. Kane were like those of some mighty commander fallen on the field of victory. Populations followed the mortuary car; cities put on mourning. If ever a funeral resembled a triumph it was that with which the Republic of the United States exalted the labours and the virtues of their philanthropic traveller. Again, 30,000 persons have subscribed to Dr. Elder's Biography.

The book, however, is faulty in its construction, and written in a style of irregular and timid exaggeration. Dr. Elder intrudes a variety of anecdotes, the most trivial conceivable, concerning the childhood of his hero, and professing that he "has not diluted his narrative with anything beyond his own per-

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sonality," is at no pains to explain why that dilution appeared necessary. Nevertheless, he had excellent materials to work upon, and, in spite of all defects, the story is most interesting. It begins, of course, with the parentage of the Arctic discoverer, traceable to the Irish Kanes, the Scotch Leipers, the English Grays, and the Low Dutch Rensselaers. In February, 1820, Elisha Kent Kane was born, the eldest of seven children, with "that sort of twill in the muscular texture which give tight little fellows more size than they measure, and more weight than they weigh." To this he appears to have added a somewhat pugnacious disposition, and a tendency to that sort of enterprise which in children is denominated as mischief; he was called "a bad boy," and this is the fashion in which Dr. Elder expounds him.—

"The boy had not a vice or a fault that could spoil the man; but he had scarcely an inclination that promised success in the life designed for him. There was riding at break-neck speed to be done; trees and rocks to climb; pebbles to pick; dogs to train; chemistry, geology, and geography to explore, with his eyes and fingers on the facts; sketching, whittling, and cobbling to do, with other heroes of muscle and mind—all mixed in a medley of matter and system."

As a youth, he "could have beaten De Foe in his own style of writing," says this inordinate biographer. At twenty-three, he made his first voyage to the Eastern Ocean, in the frigate Brandywine. On the way, he explored a part of Brazil, the antiquities of Southern India, and the interior of Ceylon. Then, in Lazion, he descended into the unknown abysses of the volcano of Tael.—

The walls which form this crater are fifty to seventy-five yards in perpendicular height from its base, which renders a descent into it impossible without the aid of ropes or ladders. At the bottom of the crater, which is smoking, are seen four or five peaks or cones covered with sulphur. All the rest is a lake of green water which boils in several places, and should contain sulphuric acid. Neither basalt nor lava are found in all the mountain or volcano, nor scoriae and burnt clay, nor any pumice-stone. The lake in which stands this island, volcano, or *Pulo*, has a circumference of thirty leagues: its waters are brackish and bituminous: it is of great depth; the shallowest part is twenty fathoms; the soundings are forty fathoms, forty-five, seventy, one hundred fathoms, and in other parts no bottom has been found with a line of one hundred and twenty-five fathoms.

The descent had only once before been attempted, by an European, who was unsuccessful. Dr. Kane would not be persuaded to desist.—

The attendants very reluctantly gathered from the jungle a parcel of bamboos, and fastened them into a rude but strong rope, by which, under the guidance of the baron, they lowered him over the brink. He touched bottom at a depth of more than two hundred feet from the platform he had left, and, detaching himself from the cord, clambered slowly downward till he reached the smoking lake below and dipped his specimen-bottles under its surface. The very next thing in order was to get back again with the trophies of his achievement. This he used to speak of as the only dangerous part of the enterprise. The scalding ashes gave way under him at every step of his return; a change in the air-current stifled him with sulphurous vapours; he fell repeatedly, and, before he got back to the spot where his rope was dangling, his boots were so charred that one of them went to pieces on his foot. He, however, succeeded in tying the bamboo round his waist, and was hauled up almost insensible. When he sank exhausted in the hands of his assistants, the natives protested that the Deity of the Tael had avenged himself for the sacrifice."

In China he took lively sketches, drank samphoo out of silver cans, chin-chinned with the Mandarins, and then suddenly struck off, making

vast sweeps of the globe to the heights of the Himalayas and the shores of the Mediterranean, eating locusts in Sennaar, sipping coffee in the Temple of Sesotris, losing his journals and baggage in the Nile—like another Raffles—and receiving a wound from a Bedouin. He saw a tablet, or lapstone, on the figure of Memnon, and undertook to climb it:

"But, as the leg at the calf is about four and a half feet in diameter and thirteen in circumference, to climb it, as one grasps the bole of a tree in his arms to ascend it, was clearly impracticable. There was but one way of working his way up to the knees, which was by bracing his back or neck (as the varying interspace required) against one of the legs, and his feet against the other, and so to wriggle his way upward. His attendants protested that the feat was impossible; and at first it seemed so, for he failed in several attempts. But, stripping himself to his pantaloons, which were no encumbrance in climbing, he was at last successful. It was slow and weary work; but he made good his ascent to the point he aimed at."

Though not robust in health, he must have possessed great muscular energy. Another page or two brings him to the top of Mount Helicon, cutting a walking-stick from the brink of Hippocrene; his next stride is to the Alpine glaciers; then we meet him in Dahomey translating a laureate ode, in honour of a naked king, greased and powdered with gold, and sitting upon a tiger's skin, with one hand resting on a skull:

Ho, tam-a-rama ho now,
Sam-a-rambo jug !
Hurrah for the son of the sun !
Hurrah for the brother of the moon !
Buffalo of buffaloes, and bull of bulls !
He sits on a throne of his enemies' skulls ;
And if he wants more to play at football,
Ours are at his service,—all, all, all.

—English laureates have done worse. Despatched upon Government service to Mexico, he is at once in the midst of the fighting, and charges with the foremost at Nopalucia:—

"At one period of the charge, when Dr. Kane was some distance ahead of the rest of his company, his fine horse carried him in between a spirited young major and his orderly, who fell upon him at the same moment. The lance of the latter failed at the thrust, except so far as to inflict a slight flesh-wound upon the doctor, who, being able to parry the major's sabre-cut, ran that officer through the bowels. The fight over, Dr. Kane was attending to his own hurts, when the poor wounded youth seized him by his arm, crying, 'Father! my father! save my father!' The renegade Mexicans, having determined to slaughter their prisoners, had commenced operations by attacking their chief man, an aged person, who had surrendered to Dr. Kane. He was at the moment defending himself, bare-headed and unarmed, against his assailants. Dr. Kane saved him and numerous others; but it appears that he did so with great efforts, and at considerable personal risk."

Dr. Kane had a picturesque pen; we have here an example of his manner in letter-writing:—

"Who ever heard of Short's Hotel? A perfect little paradise, looking out upon the Bay of Mobile, and containing a four-post bedstead. Destitute of paint or whitewash or wash-basin is Short's Hotel; and yet it is the dearest, sweetest little abode of honey-sucked comfort that ever hung from the boughs of a live oak. Short's Hotel is about the size of our discarded wash-house. Short's Hotel floats on a velvet-lawned magnolia-studded clearing on the bluff bank. Short's Hotel, to give the climax to its beauties, is *completely invisible*. The limbs of a great gnarled live-oak, all covered with long grey moss, overhang it like the reliquary of a patriarch; and, save when the sea-breeze thrust away the venerable screen, you would think your self looking at a thicket of Cherokee roses."

Here the breeze came to him, he says, "purple-stained with the sunset"; here, probably, he first heard the proposal of an American ex-

pedition in search of Franklin. A May breeze, in 1850, took him out of the American waters in the Advance, the Rescue in company, and on board of the former Lieut. de Haven in command:—

"A capital officer, a daring sailor, with a dash of extra spirit for exigencies that more than once surprised the hardiest of his competitors in the struggles of the Northern Ocean. In one of their joint scrapes among the hummocks of Barrow's Strait, with the British tars holding their breath in strained expectancy, he gave them a taste of his quality that won for him on the spot the appellation of the 'Mad Yankee.' With seven feet of solid oak in the bow of his brig, he used her as a battering-ram against the ice-rafts and opened a track for them."

This part of his career is the best known. We will only quote one or two of his own letters; the first is dated from Upernavick, in Greenland, in July, 1853:—

"My dear Father,—Looking through the port-holes of this house-hulk, I see two hundred and sixteen icebergs floating in a sea as dead and oily as the Lake of Tiberias; yet I cannot warm my thoughts to talk about them. Time was when I could have piled epithets upon such a scene: but that time has passed; facts only are my aim now. The last week has been spent by me almost constantly in an open boat, striving to overcome the delays of an everlasting calm by making my purchases without coming to anchor. This is a somewhat novel service to routine naval men; but I have saved precious hours by it, and now write to bid you share with me congratulations. I have all my furs,—reindeer, seal and bear; my boot-moccasins, walrus lashings, my sledges, harnesses and dogs,—and all of these without delaying the brig an hour upon her course! Dogs are here, as horses are with you, matters of negotiation, and often times not to be obtained. He (the dog) is the camel of these snow-deserts; and no Arab could part with him more grudgingly than do these Esquimaux. Congratulate me; for I have *all my dogs*, and the tough thews of the scoundrels shall be sinews of war to me in my ice-battles. In quest of them I have threaded the fiords between Kangett (about twenty miles south of Proven) and Karsiek, and thence to Upernavick, once fifty miles at a single pull. During this hard labour we cooked birds upon the rocks, and slept under buffalo-robés. Human destitution—the filthy desolation of the Esquimaux settlements—was contrasted with glories beyond conception. I had never before realized the grand magnificence of Greenland scenery. It would be profanation to attempt to describe it."

The second bears date March, 1856, and presents the view he held so persistently:—

"In my opinion, the vessels cannot have been suddenly destroyed, or at least so destroyed that provisions and stores could not have been established in a safe and convenient dépôt. With this view, which all my experience of ice sustains, comes the collateral question as to the safety of the documents of the Expedition. But this, my friend, is not all. I am really in doubt as to the preservation of human life. I well know how glad I would have been, had my duties to others permitted me, to have taken refuge among the Esquimaux of Smith's Straits and Etah Bay. Strange as it may seem to you, we regarded the coarse life of those people with eyes of envy, and did not doubt but that we could have lived in comfort upon their resources. It required all my powers, moral and physical, to prevent my men from deserting to the walrus-settlements; and it was my fixed intention to have taken to Esquimaux life, had Providence not carried us through in our hazardous escape. Now, if the natives reached the seat of the missing ships of Franklin, and there became possessed, by pilfer or by barter, of the articles sent home by Rae and Anderson, this very fact would explain the ability of some of the party to sustain life among them. If, on the other hand, the natives have never reached the ships, or the seat of their stores, and the relics were obtained from the descending

boat,—then the central stores or ships are unmolested, and some may have been by these and the hunt, even yet to sustain life. All my men and officers agree with me that, even in the desert of Rensselaer Bay, we could have descended to the hunting-seats, and sustained life by our guns or the craft of the natives. Sad, and perhaps useless, as is this reflection, I give it to you as the first outpouring of my conscientious opinions."

Dr. Elder undertakes to describe Dr. Kane personally:—

"Dr. Kane was five feet six inches in height: in his best health he weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He had a fair complexion, with soft brown hair. His eyes were dark grey, with a wild-bird light in them when his intellect and feelings were in genial flow; when they were in the torrent-tide of enraptured action, the light beamed from them like the flashing of scintillars, and in impassioned movement they glared frightfully."

The young explorer was once delighted to discover the warm and bright bud of a poppy under seven feet of northern snow, and his moralizing on this and other incidents illustrate the depth and feelings of his nature. We could have wished, for the sake of the public, a better biography,—but, however told, the story of Elisha Kent Kane is a treasure.

The Lyrics of Ireland. Edited and Annotated by Samuel Lover. (Houlston & Wright.)

Mr. Lover points out the inevitable disadvantage under which any selector of Irish songs must labour who is forbidden to include in his garland the melodies of Moore. We do not acquiesce in his principles of arrangement. "While in 'The Book of English Songs,'" says Mr. Lover (referring to former volumes of a series in which this seems to be the third), "there are distinct sections for pastoral, moral, sea, and sporting songs, there are no such sections in 'The Book of Scottish Songs': nor in this did such a section become necessary. So remarkable a coincidence suggested some mental inquiry as to the cause—for Scotland and Ireland being both pastoral countries—why this absence of pastoral songs?"—"Why, indeed?" we must ask, though not in the sense of Mr. Lover's original query. Is some other adjective than "pastoral" to be applied to such songs as 'Ca' the yowes,' 'When the kye come hame,' 'The riggs o' barley,' 'The waulking o' the fauld,' and scores of Scottish breathings of farm and field, and moorland musings "among the blooming heather"?—We know that Ireland is not rich in melodies of corresponding quality,—but to refer to the Book of Scottish Minstrelsy, after having assumed that some of its most musical pages have been torn out, is a form of procedure puzzling, to say the least of it. The reference may seem more than puzzling to the countrymen of the Ayrshire Ploughman and the Ettrick Shepherd.—On the other hand, we fancy Mr. Lover somewhat unscrupulous in his scheme of selection. If 'The Exile of Erin,' which we cheerfully admit, naturally claimed a foremost place in such a collection of "Lyrics of Ireland," though written by a Scotchman,—if Mr. Barham's incomparable 'Coronation Anthem' enter here because of the *Blarney*-fling with which the singer discussed, among other celebrities,

Alderman Harmer, and that sweet charmer,
The female heiress, Miss Anja-ly Coutts,
—if we meet among "Lyrics of Ireland" with Barry Cornwall's 'Maureen'—surely such sea songs as 'The Mid-Watch' and 'The Bay of Biscay, O!' may be claimed as English, though their authors, Sheridan and Cherry, belonged to the Sister Isle.—Another remark is to be made. Mr. Lover might with good effect have enriched his collection by introducing some of

those home street-songs, the fun and the finery and the fancy of which are unparalleled. We should have contrived a corner for the "Dear Irish Maid"

Who deigned to serenade through the vernal valley,—we should have found a space for the lover who, so far from never telling his love, wailed in never-to-be-forgotten phrase that he was Intoxicated in Cupid's clue.

—We might, further, have naturally looked for a word or two, here and there, on the subject of the music, and its origin, from one whose tunes are so pleasant as Mr. Lover's.

Mr. Lover gallantly opens the ball with two of "the Sheridan Sisters," Lady Dufferin, we mean, and Mrs. Norton,—the last one of the sweetest song-writers living, the former one of the most *naïve*. But where is Lady Dufferin's setting of the Blarney tune, 'O Bay of Dublin'?—that artless, affectionate song, which Miss Dolby's capital singing has made so popular? To run on—till now we never knew that the melancholy words "Go, forget me" (pleasantly set to music, some twenty years ago, by Knight) were from the same hand that wrote the firmer, yet not less feeling love-lyric,

"If I had thought thou couldst have died," to "Gramachree." Did Mr. Lover forget this when he wrote his notes to 'Molly Astore,' p. 43, and when he spoke of Ogle and Moore as having made verses for the lovely Irish tune? Yet Wolfe's is perhaps the best lyric of the three, and the hand that wrote it painted also the lyrical war-picture—we mean 'Sir John Moore's Burial.'

We accept as a reminder, too, if not as a piece of fresh information, the encounter with George Colman the Younger, named as author of 'Savourneen' deelish.' Since Celia's my foe' (with its flowing and plaintive words by Duffett, date 1676) gives occasion to one of Mr. Lover's most elaborate notes. In this he conceives himself to have made it clear that the air to which it was written—long known in England as "the Irish Tune," and identical with 'Lochaber,'—has no right to be claimed by the Scotch. Were we to examine why, with some show of plausibility on his part we cannot admit the case to be proved as triumphantly as Mr. Lover assumes,—we should have yet again to repeat comparisons and considerations which, as our readers know, make us cautious in deciding on musical tradition. — Any man who, having a note-book in hand and a moderate memory, examined one of the MS. copies of Handel's operas exposed for sale, in Piccadilly, a week ago, must, in that hour, (supposing him to be open-minded, not wedded to some version or theory) have noted enough to make him henceforward pause ere he pronounces on matter so delicate and evanescent as musical tradition. Transcript does not settle the matter.—Erba, we have seen, may figure in Handel's handwriting. Memory goes for little. To illustrate "to the minute"—'Elijah' is an oratorio of yesterday, concerning which there is no occasion to appeal to the flickering recollections of decrepit or time-bewildered persons. Many are living (not yet old) who recollect Mendelssohn bringing the work in fragments to London, —who were present at the trials of its songs and choruses,—who saw the Oratorio (as it were) dovetailed and put together so as to be in readiness for its memorable first performance, at Birmingham in 1846. Now, it chanced the other day that a change which we heard Mendelssohn sanction Staudigl (the original *Elijah*) in making, was discussed by two or three musicians, some of them ear-witnesses on the occasions referred to. By some of these (and they were what the Law calls "skilled wit-

nesses") the very fact was questioned—a fact not yet twelve years old!—We have long kept in our own cabinet of experience too many examples of the kind to conceive that it can be possible to speak, on the authority of a copy, of a reminiscence—nay, let us say, of the most scrupulously honest testimony—to the integrity or parentage of any old tune. But, let us escape from it, and leave Mr. Lover in the hands of the Scots. He may look from them for nothing much milder than "Jedwood justice," after having said as he says in note, p. 99,—

"Your Irish airs are pretty, but they are *down-right Irish*. If they were like 'The Banks of Banna,' for instance, though *really* Irish, yet in the Scottish taste, you might adopt them. Since you are so fond of Irish music, what say you to twenty-five of them in an additional number? We could easily find this quantity of charming airs; I will take care that you shall not want songs; and I assure you you would find it the most saleable of the whole."—Burns to Thomson, Sept. 1793. The passages given in Italics in this bit of evidence show, not only that the airs were Irish, but that Burns, as may be inferred, thought them superior to the Scotch."

If what is here called a "bit of evidence" prove as sure a source of irritation betwixt the two Kingdoms as one of the new glass grenades, the fault is not ours.

To change the key—let us ask on what argument of euphony, or poetry, one having so sweet a sense for melody as Mr. Lover admits (no scandal against Sheridan, we hope) so very hard a pair of lines as those which open Sheridan's lyric,—

Oh yield, fair lids,
from a MS. drama by the Author of 'The Rivals'? And (by the way) is the song 'By Celia's Arbour' (set once so deliciously as a glee by Horsley, a second time so charmingly as a song by Mendelssohn) Sheridan's at all? The matter is open to question. The words have been given to Moore, and (if memory be not treacherous) to Lord Strangford after Camoens.

When Mr. Lover was noting the verses devised for 'Eileen Aron' with an eye to Griffin's lyric (a good lyric, though not Griffin's best),—when he was disputing with the Scotch their right to the air,—when he was talking of the difficulties which Burns found in the "measure,"—did he not deduce himself in imagining that the Scotch lyrist found those difficulties to lie in the "Scotch snap" of the intervals—a sort of vocal *hiccup* at best—and not in the triple rhyme?—Should he not have remembered how musically an elder brother in his craft overcame the difficulty in his stately and pathetic

Had I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
one of the best songs of Burns?

Not only to Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton does our editor doff his courteous cap, but to other Irish ladies who have written songs of Ireland, and these no less far asunder than pensive Mrs. Tighe,—Lady Morgan (whose wit is all the brighter for her sentiment, and whose 'Kate Kearney' should have been named by Mr. Lover when she was brought into the orchestra),

Miss Balfour, whose translations were notable, if a little heavy,—Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Miss Edgeworth,—the last lady being brought in because of her reasonable, monumental, practicable verses on Petrarch's inkstand.—Our readers shall see Miss Edgeworth's rhymes.—

By beauty won from soft Italia's land,
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy fav'rite isle,
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile;
Still the true-heart with kindred strains inspire,
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire;
But if the perfid knight approach this font,
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.

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Miss Edgeworth's poetry lay in her *Sir Condy Rackrent*, and in her *Lanty's* letter, closing 'The Absentee,'—in her 'Simple Susan,' and in her 'To-Morrow.' Prose poetry of a high quality was hers; but she had no place among the lyrists of Ireland.—It is curious, at a later page, to find one so elegantly behaved to "the ladies" as Mr. Lover asking, *à propos* of 'The Maiden City,' who was Charlotte Elizabeth!—Who was that bitter, notorious, earnest controversialist—Mrs. Tonna—some of whose books have gone through dozens of editions,—and who imagined that she had a mission and a vocation to "ding down Papistrie," as honestly as any Jenny Geddes or *Mause Headrigg* of olden times?—Here is a fine sarcasm on Fame! In a certain world, to ask "who was Charlotte Elizabeth?" would be to announce the querist as himself unknown.

Enough of inquiry, and wrangling, and gossip,—though to these Three Graces, no book can make so quick an "*open sesame*" as a song-book.—Let us now express our conviction that if Mr. Lover be not so complete on the subjects of other Irish singers, as an editor of a volume like this might have been, he is not, so far as regards his own place, arrogant,—further, that he is as little "bowld" in putting forward his own songs, either in quantity or by covert recommendation. To the sly grace—to the pathetic pleasantry—to the musical cadence of many among his lyrics—the world has borne testimony, too long and too often, for him not to have rightfully represented himself in a book like this. Lastly, we owe him thanks, because, besides laying together specimens by Callanan, Mangan, and other Irish lyrists, comparatively little known in England, his volume brings up in due relief the name of Mr. Ferguson,—whose 'Forester's Complaint,'—whose 'Forging of the Anchor,' and other lyrics almost as excellent,—have long made us wish to see their author more clearly and to hear more of him. There is another poem by this thoroughly picturesque lyrist, 'The Faery Thorn, an Ulster Ballad,' published in Mr. Duffy's collection thirteen years ago or more, which might—and which should, we think—have been included in any collection of the Lyrics of Ireland professing to include the name of Mr. Ferguson.

The Student's Manual of Geology. By J. Beete Jukes. (Edinburgh, Black.)

GEOLOGY has been, for some years, one of the favourite sciences. Its strange development of extinct creations, and its indications of a past time, almost too vast for the human mind to realize, and through which imagination finds ample room and verge enough to wing its most erratic way, have rendered this science peculiarly popular,—and although the study of geology has been proved to have a high commercial value, by directly assisting and guiding us in operations which are of the utmost importance to a manufacturing people,—we have not hitherto possessed a work which could be regarded as exactly a 'Student's Manual.' Excellent works on geology we have, but even when these have been carefully read, it is not easy for the student to arrange in his mind and digest the knowledge he may have acquired, so as to apply it to the phenomena which will engage his attention when he quits the study for the field. Our author claims for geology a very high position. He says:—"We might, perhaps, without impropriety, classify all the physical sciences under two great heads, namely, Astronomy and Geology. The one would comprehend all those sciences which teach us the nature, the consti-

tution, the motions, the relative places, and the mutual action of the Astra, or heavenly bodies; while the other singled out for study the one Astrum on which we live, namely, the earth."

Such is, truly enough, the wide range which the geological philosopher may, with the strictest propriety, embrace. Yet what is the condition of the science? It has narrowed its inquiry to the evidences of former life, as exhibited in the fossil remains which are found in the stratified rocks. We do not, for one moment, deny that the study of Paleontology is of high value,—we admit that it is of very great interest.

To trace out the zones of life, which are marked with as much distinctness on the walls of our quarries, our caverns, and our mines, as are the pictured tales of the sports and battles of the Kings of Assyria upon the slabs we are now recovering from the desert sands, which have for ages buried the palaces of a Sardanapalus,—to read those petrified stories of ancient existences, and, turning over page after page, to find that they indicate physical changes which have occurred upon the surface of this planet during vast cycles which have been gathered into eternity,—and to study the forms of those infinitely varied organisms from the mighty mammalia of the tertiary epoch,—the strange, dream-like reptiles of the secondary period,—with all the organic remains by which these, as centres, are surrounded,—and the beautiful and delicate forms of the Palæozoic rocks,—each and all disclosing (what, indeed, we find throughout Nature) a perfect adaptation of physiological conditions to the physical circumstances of each epoch,—these are fitting exercises for the mind. Yet the science of Geology is narrowed by the palæontological tendencies of the day, and its usefulness checked by the small amount of attention which is given to the lithological and mineralogical phenomena presented to us on the earth's surface.

Geologists are slowly awakening to a sense of the value of chemistry in determining the constitution of rocks, and in explaining the gradual or sudden transitions of strata from one form to another. There is still, however, with one or two exceptions, an almost entire disregard of physics among geologists; and where, in support of an hypothesis, they are driven to call in the aid of physical science, it is curious to observe how unfamiliar they are with the experimental evidences upon which the laws they borrow are based, and frequently the amount of refraction which a ray of truth undergoes in passing through the crystalline lens of the geological mind is so great, that it is bent beyond the limits of ordinary perception.

With these views, which have grown out of a long-continued and close attention to the science and its professors, it is satisfactory to us to perceive that Mr. Jukes has commenced his 'Manual' by a section on Lithology, treating first of the chemistry and mineralogy, and then of the origin and classification of rocks. This is followed by a section on Petrology, "that is to say, the examination of those characters, structures, and accidents of rocks which can only be studied on the large scale." Then our author proceeds to Paleontology, and concludes with the 'History of the Formation of Series of Stratified Rocks.'

The whole idea of this 'Manual' indicates great clearness of thought, and a perusal shows us, that the author is not only perfectly acquainted with his subject, but that his soul is in the study of his science. The student, taking this 'Manual' as his guide, will, without sacrificing in the slightest degree the interesting section of Paleontology, become familiarized with Chemistry and Mineralogy as applied

to the study of rock formations,—and although we could have desired to have seen Physics more prominently introduced, the value of a close acquaintance with physical science is repeatedly and most judiciously insisted on.

Actively and constantly engaged as the author of this 'Manual' is in the Geological Survey of Ireland, we are quite ready to accept his excuse given at the head of his *corrigenda*. He tells us, "the book has been written, and the proof-sheets corrected, at odd times, namely, in the intervals of other occupations, on wet days in country inns, in railway-carriages, in remote parts of the country, where I could not refer to the rest of what I had written, and while so engaged in other matters that I could not recollect it."

Fresh from the study of the rocks, Mr. Jukes has rushed to his 'Manual' and recorded his impressions. This has given much life to his labours, which would have been lost in the process of composition under, what he would doubtless consider, more favourable circumstances. We can afford to meet with a few defects in the mechanical details of a book in which the great truths of geological science are set forth with all the clearness which arises from perfect familiarity with his subject. The sketch made by the artist in the field, while the object is still in view, is always superior to that which he can produce, howsoever skilled he may be, when he draws upon the images of memory in the retirement of his studio.

Buchan. By the Rev. John B. Pratt, M.A. (Aberdeen, Smith; London, Blackwood & Sons.)

"Buchan! where is Buchan?" We fancy that many a young, aye, and old, gentleman to whom ancient and classical geography may be as familiar as any household word, would be puzzled to explain at once the whereabouts of Buchan. There is many a collegian who would scorn not to know that Bubastiacus and Bucolicum were mouths of the Nile; that Bubas and Bubacene, Bursa, Bubon, and Bucephala were localities in different parts of Asia; that Bulis was in Phocis, and Bullis in Illyrium; that Budruna was a promontory of Salamis; that Buprasium was in Elis; that Buta was a town in Achaea; and that there was a great difference between Buthrotus and Buthrotum. But *Buchan?* If they be vocal, they may have made a singing acquaintance with "Logie o' Buchan, oh Logie the laird." Where the laird "dwallit," they neither know nor care. Talk to them of the banks of the Ythan, and probably their ideas will turn, not northward, but to the Utens, the ancient stream which, under the modern name of Montone, flows into the Adriatic, near Ravenna.

The popular ignorance of this enlightened age is something astounding. Only the other day, a zealous antiquary, looking for Dryden's house, in Fetter Lane, made some inquiry of the policeman. "Dryden, Sir," said the latter, "Dryden!—Is he a man a little backward in his rent?" Less excusable was the observation of an eminent silversmith to a customer who, admiring some exquisite piece of silver chaser, remarked, "how this would have delighted Cellini!"—"We shall be happy to show it to Mr. Cellini, any day he will look in," was the polite observation, in reply. To ascend in the scale, we may remark that we have heard of a knight who, on having Runnymede pointed out to him, looked very unconscious that a landmark of history was before him; but, on being told that it was the spot where the Barons forced King John to sign Magna Charta, exclaimed, "Forced His Majesty! did they indeed? how very im-

proper!" Let us go a step higher still, and take an illustration from that sprig of nobility who, having failed in a competitive examination, was asked by a good-natured friend, how it happened. "Oh!" said the rejected candidate, "it was all through a fellow who asked me questions I didn't expect!"—"What did he examine you in?"—"Oh! history!" answered the young aristocrat.—"Ancient or Modern?"—"Ancient or Modern!" exclaimed the youth, with an air of the most intense disgust, "oh, ever so long before either; *time of William the Conqueror!*" Would this young hopeful have been able to answer the query, "where is Buchan?"

Let all who would have shared his inability, take comfort. For the people of Buchan are pretty well as ignorant as themselves. "How few," says Mr. Pratt, "who have been born and brought up in the district of Buchan, could give anything like an accurate account of its natural phenomena, its hoar antiquities, or even of its extent and boundaries!" To enlighten these, and to afford instruction and amusement to readers generally, Mr. Pratt has undertaken the task of *cicerone*; and, for the first time, in a convenient form and an agreeable method, we have before us pleasant and interesting details of the streams and glens, the crumbling ruins and relics of pre-historic times,—of Buchan,—which had a laird famous in song, and gave title to a Countess whom an ungallant English King kept captive in a cage.

Previous to placing extracts from this useful volume before our readers, it will perhaps not be impertinent (in the true meaning of that term) to inform them that Buchan is one of the divisions of Aberdeenshire, stretching, for half-a-hundred miles of bold and rocky coast, from the mouth of the Ythan to the boundaries of Banffshire. Since the time when Dr. Johnson gave a lively description of the sea that boiled and surged over the "Bullers of Buchan," the district has vastly improved. It may be as bleak, but it is not as barren, as ever. It now can grow something higher than a cabbage-stalk. "Few districts in Scotland," says our author, "are better calculated than Buchan to conduce to the health, comfort and contentment of its inhabitants." The place was once so poor that rats could not, or would not, live in it. Subsequently, the district produced oats in such quantity, that the rats descended to take up their abode in the barns,—and Buchan acquired *par excellence* the epithet of "land o' cakes." Aye, and it might have been called "land o' men," too. Of its superfluity in this latter respect, it gave heroes to other lands,—a Keith to Germany, and a Barclay de Tolly to Russia. The products of Buchan, then, may fairly vie with the cauld kale in Aberdeen and the castrocks in Strathbogie.

Of some Buchan habits that have gone out, and some which are still retained, the author thus discourses:—

"The same conventional respect was paid to Good Friday. There was a general prejudice against its being made a day of ordinary labour; and the blacksmith, especially, was a bold man who ventured to lift a hammer, and his wife a bolder woman who dared to wear her apron on that day, since—according to tradition—it was a smith's wife that was employed to carry in her apron the nails which her husband had made for the tragedy on Mount Calvary. * * The domestic salutations are frequently of a simple and primitive character. It is no uncommon thing for a person on entering the house of another to say, 'Peace be here!' to which the reply is, 'You are welcome!' or, on his coming upon one employed in his lawful calling, to say, in the broad Buchan dialect, 'Guid speed the wark!' the rejoinder to which is, 'Thank ye, I wish ye weel!'"

Time was when phrases like these were common in our own cities. Down to George Herbert's period, when candles were brought in to the general sitting-room, it was the custom of the master of the household to remark gravely, "The lights are come; may God, too, grant to us the light of Heaven!"

This contentious wisdom, if we may so call it, long distinguished the houses of Buchan, whose very fronts were made eloquent after divers fashions. In reference to Peterhead and the year 1593, Mr. Pratt says—

"There are several houses yet remaining which were built about the time the charter was granted. Many of these have quaint inscriptions over the doors and windows, some of which are still legible. One of these, in Port Henry Lane, bears the date 1600, and Micah vi. 7, in old characters. On a building called 'Lord Marischal's House,' of date 1599, there is inscribed 'Feir the Lord.' And Buchan, in his 'Annals,' mentions a house in Wood's Wynd, bearing the following inscription:—

'Feir the Lord, fie from syn;
Mak for lyf everlasting;
No this lyf is but vanity.'

The Earls Marischal are said to have incurred much popular odium, for having interfered with the Abbey-lands and buildings belonging to the monks of Deer, and for having carried off the stones of some cells or chapels for the erection of other buildings. The report of this criminality had probably reached the ears of the Earl, who, in contempt of public opinion, caused the following inscription to be put on the houses he built. It may still be seen on, at least, one house in Peterhead; and it remained on the old buildings of Marischal College till they were taken down to give place to the present noble structure:—

'THEY HAIF SAYD:
QHAT SAYD THEY?
LAT THEM SAYD.'

Buchan was the stronghold of Episcopacy for a very lengthened period, till Presbytery at last got the upper hand. How the two parties sometimes stood in reference to each other may be seen by the following sketch of Robert Keith, Earl Marischal, and his opponents.—

"He seems to have been a sordid and double-minded person, ever ready to make public professions for the sake of retaining the temporalities of his monastery. Incited both by cupidity and his hostility to the Reformation, and countenanced, as it would appear, by 'the good Regent,' he attempted to deprive of their stipends the Reformed preachers appointed to the churches dependent on the abbey. 'Though sharing largely,' as it has been said, 'of the spoils of the ancient faith, he would appear to have been at first no friend to the teachers of the new doctrines. To a request preferred by him in the year 1569, with the countenance of the Regent Murray, that he might be relieved from certain payments due by him to the preachers at the Abbey's churches, the General Assembly gave for answer that 'the Kirk can in no wise remit the thing that pertains to the poor ministers, especially to such a one as my Lord of Deir, who disbursed his money to the enemies of God, to prosecute his servants and banish them out of the realm.'" It is difficult to suppress a smile when we see this same stickler for the temporalities, if not for the faith of the old régime, on finding the Reformation to be clearly in the ascendant, turning suddenly round, and in the most venal terms, abjectly craving for these 'housis, bigginis, orchardis and yardis,' to be made a temporal lordship in his own favour."

The Barclays of Tolly carried matters, in their day, with as high a hand as the Keiths. The following will remind the reader of the Comte Ory,—only what the Count did for love, Barclay did for greed.—

"It is said that, owing to some circumstance in the remote history of the Barclays, the corbels, mouldings, and other ornaments in the buildings they erected, partook of an ecclesiastical character. It is a dark story. Being desirous, says tradition, of obtaining possession of certain church-lands, the Barclay of the day fell upon an expedient at once

dreadful and dishonourable. The coveted lands belonged to a neighbouring nunnery; and into this, by surreptitious means, a younger Barclay contrived to obtain admission. The consequence of this nefarious scheme was the utter disgrace of the institution. The result answered their design; the house was dissolved, and the property became theirs."

The Barclays of Towie, or Tolly, are not yet extinct, either in Scotland or Russia. How a branch became Muscovite, the subjoined extract will show.—

"John Barclay was a man of great genius and learning, but very eccentric. He was intended for the church, though he never could be induced to enter it. He was the author of 'The Argeius,' a celebrated work, containing the severest satires ever written since the days of Juvenal, against the priests and Jesuits. He refused, however, to identify himself with either of the extreme parties in the church, and of course was cordially hated by both. He died at Rome, leaving behind him a large family. One of his sons settled in Livonia, having accompanied the French ambassador to Sweden, where he married. When Livonia became integrated with the Russian empire, he, as a matter of course, became a subject of that power. His great-grandson took service at a very early age in the Russian army, in which he rapidly rose to rank. In 1806 he was general of a division of the forces, and was sent against the Emperor Napoleon. He was present at the battle of Wagram, and severely wounded at Eylau. His services were held in such consideration by the Emperor Alexander that he appointed him minister-at-war, created him a prince of the empire, and gave him the baton of a field-marshal. In the memorable campaign of 1812 he was at the head of the Russian army, and was also the confidential adviser of the Czar. He is said to have had the merit of devising the plan of resistance to be adopted on that occasion, viz. to remove the people, and desolate the country through which the French army was to pass. In pursuance of this plan, Barclay de Tolly, after an engagement at Smolensko, continued his retreat before the enemy. But his fame and brilliant career had excited the jealousy and dislike of the old Russian *noblesse*, and this retrograde movement served to increase their animosity. He was removed from the command. Kutusoff, perhaps fearing a similar result, fought and lost the battle of Borodino. Barclay was still retained minister-at-war, and was in the suite of the Emperor when he visited London in 1814. Thus, like the Marischal family, the Barclays of Towie were destined to extend a long and brilliant career in a foreign country, carrying with them the name and fame of a long line of brave and distinguished ancestors."

We have noticed above something of the persecutor of the Presbyteries; here is an illustration of the Presbyterian minister.—

"About three quarters of a mile south-west of the Castle of Pitsligo, and on the southern slope of the hill, is the parish church. It stands almost in the centre of the parish, at the intersection of the Strichen and old Banff roads. The following extract is from the pen of the Rev. E. Hume, the present minister of the parish, given in the 'New Statistical Account':—'The land north of the church slopes to the sea in a fall of about 300 feet, from which circumstance the church is seen at a great distance, and hence is sometimes called "the Visible Kirk," as well as "Cant's Kirk," from the distinguished individual of that name who was the first minister, and whose likeness, carved in stone, with his initials, is seen on the east end outside. These initials, however, are inverted—C. A. The reason of this inversion, though not derived from printed authority, is perhaps not less worthy of credit. Cant, in his parish, where he exercised a severe discipline, seems to have been neither popular nor beloved. His mode of performing the service is said to have been whining and drawingl, from which the term *cant* is supposed to be derived. On his leaving the parish, the people, as a significant expression of the estimation in which he was held by them, had his initials reversed cut under his effigy, which would read 'Canting Andrew.' We

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hope the manes of this noted worthy will not be disturbed by the above record."

We conclude with a glimpse of the last of the Keiths, the hereditary Earl Marischal, who was attainted for his part in the Stuart enterprise of 1715.—

"On the reversal of his attainder, in the latter part of the reign of George the Second, he was permitted to return to his native country, but remained there only a few years. During this period he visited his family estates, but proceeded no further than the bridge of Inverugie, being completely overcome by the sight of his hereditary home in ruins. It is recorded that, being met by his friends and former dependents, who had flocked to welcome him, he was moved even to tears, probably under the painful consciousness that the links which had for so many hundreds of years bound his family to the place and to the people were about to be broken for ever. He returned to Berlin, where he continued to live in familiar intercourse with the King till the year 1778, when, after an illness of a few weeks, he expired and was borne to the grave, which thus closed over the last of the Keiths. He is said to have been a man of remarkable conversational powers; that his letters were concise and elegant; that 'to a sound head, he added a most excellent heart'; and that 'he was a man of such extreme good humour that even J. J. Rousseau himself never had the heart to quarrel with him.'

With this book in his hand, a tourist will possess the means of spending many a pleasant day amid the ancient and little-known localities comprised within the limits of Buchan.

Schiller's Youthful Days—[Schiller's Jugendjahre]. By Edward Boas. Edited by Wenzelin von Maltzahn. (Hanover, Rümpler; London, Thimann.)

Edward Boas, celebrated as an active labourer in the field of Schillerian literature, commenced a life of his favourite poet, in which divers blunders committed by biographical predecessors were to be faithfully rectified, and much new information conveyed. The death of Herr Boas in 1853, at the early age of thirty-eight, prevented the completion of the work; but he left behind him the earlier chapters comprising the record of Schiller's youthful days down to the "flight from Stuttgart," and these have been edited, with the above title, by his friend, Wenzelin von Maltzahn.

In this new contribution to literary history the gross falsehoods that have been uttered respecting Schiller by obscure individuals, and inconsiderately adopted by respectable writers, are pointed out with acuteness and severity. A vast mass of well-digested information respecting the most exciting period of the poet's career is arranged in a pleasant and readable manner, the portions relating to 'The Robbers' and the 'Anthology' almost amounting to what classical editors would term a perpetual comment. However, to the general reader the most interesting part of the work will probably be that which throws light on the character of the Duke of Würtemberg, from whom Schiller ran away, and gives a graphic picture of the singular institution at which the poet was educated.

Charles Eugene, of Würtemberg, was born in 1728, and after the death of his father, which occurred when the son was nine years of age, he was removed to Berlin, where he received a sort of political education at the hands of the great Frederic. The Dowager-Duchess carried on the government during his minority, which, however, was brought to a speedy termination through the agency of a certain Baron von Montmartin, who prevailed on the Imperial Court to declare Charles Eugene of full age when he was only sixteen. To this result a

favourable testimonial from his royal schoolmaster, stating that "he was capable of governing even greater States than those which Providence had entrusted to his charge," conduced not a little. A treatise which he composed, 'On Virtue and Vice' showed that he wished to take the position of a philosophical monarch, after the pattern of the great man of Sans-Souci. However, the natural licentiousness of his disposition soon caused him to fling aside the moral mask, and Stuttgart was distinguished by all the profligacy that has gained such an unenviable celebrity for the German courts of the period. Large sums were expended on *fêtes*, operas, hunts, and Italian mistresses; the game reserved for ducal sport carried on an unceasing and victorious warfare against agricultural productiveness; public offices were sinks of corruption, and to supply the wants of the treasury the sons of Würtemberger soil were sold wholesale to the King of France. Nor was this adoption of a financial expedient common at the time the only means of exhausting the nerve and sinew of the land. Charles Eugene soon emancipated himself from all the ties that had bound him to his royal instructor, and during the Seven Years' War voluntarily marched into Saxony at the head of 14,000 men, by levying whom he had almost brought Würtemberg to despair.

When the young prince had first rushed into his majority, the States of Würtemberg thought they had discharged their duty when they secured the Protestant religion against the possible aggressions of their ruler, who was a Catholic. Moreover, the early marriage of Charles Eugene had raised hopes that his vicious indulgences would amount to no more than a normal sowing of wild oats. But the Duchess was in some respects worse than the Duke, for she despised his people, whereas he loved them, though like many other lovers, he had a strange way of showing his passion, and a speedy separation of the illustrious couple dissipated all hopes that were based on the refining virtues of matrimony. Hence, when the army came back from the Seven Years' War without any laurels, and expenditure and extortion became more reckless than ever, the people began to give evident signs of dissatisfaction, and so wearied their loving Duke with their protestations, that, in fit of the sulks, he transferred his residence from Stuttgart to Ludwigsburg, thus punishing the citizens of the capital by laying out his (or rather their) money elsewhere. The Würtembergers, nothing daunted, proceeded legally against the Duke before the Imperial tribunal, and, at last, through the mediation of Prussia, a reconciliation between the loving Duke and the beloved subjects was effected. Obnoxious personages were removed from court, the constitution was restored, and, strangest of all, Charles Eugene became a comparatively virtuous man.

If the roads to virtue are narrow, they are various. The virtue of Charles Eugene was caused by his falling in love with another man's wife. This is very shocking, but it is true; history does not always condescend to be moral. Francisca, the young wife of a certain old Baron von Leutrum, won the heart of the wild Duke, who took her away from her husband, made her Countess von Hohenheim, contracted a left-handed marriage with her after the death of his lawful but absent spouse, and under her gentle influence contracted a taste, not only for arts and sciences, but also for economy. Thanks to Francisca, needless expenses were cut down in all directions, and Charles Eugene made himself generally useful.

He had been but imperfectly educated—notwithstanding the royalty of his political school-

master—and reflection on his own deficiency made the education of his people his first project. To this predilection is to be attributed the foundation of the military seminary, which afterwards grew up into the "Karl's-Academie," and which is so intimately connected with the youthful life of Schiller, who was taken into it in 1773 (being then about thirteen years of age) to be educated and maintained free of expense.

The original site of the military seminary was at the "Solitude," a *château* which the Duke had built for his recreation, about ten miles from Stuttgart, and it was first merely designed as an asylum for soldiers' orphans, who were disciplined in dancing, singing, gardening, and sculpture, that they might make themselves available at the Court festivities. However, as it advanced in importance, families of distinction became desirous of placing their children under the ducal wing, and in 1772 the foundation-stone was laid for the "Academy," into which the seminary was converted. The edifice thus commenced was never completed, as the Duke, for politic reasons, subsequently chose an empty barrack, situated at Stuttgart, for the home of the institution.—

On the 18th of November, 1775 [says Herr Boas], the students of the seminary, with all the teachers and superintendents, marched from the Solitude. They were in uniform, the whole troop was in military order, and when they were within half-a-league from Stuttgart, the Duke advanced to meet them. He placed himself at their head on horseback, and thus they entered the capital in solemn procession. To the citizens this removal of the institution was a sign that the Duke was once more reconciled, for at the same time his Court was removed from Ludwigsburg to Stuttgart. The procession advanced slowly through the streets, every window was thronged with spectators, and a large multitude crowded around. Flowers were flung down, many a "Lebe hoch" greeted the Duke, and at the entrance of the Academy the expectant parents hailed their sons with a joyous shout.

The Academy still bore the name "Military," but this name referred rather to the discipline which the students were compelled to observe than to the nature of their studies, which comprised nearly every department, while it served, moreover, to ward off the jealousy of the Würtembergers, who, as zealous Protestants, prohibited their Catholic prince from interference in affairs connected with the church and public instruction, but could not hinder him from founding a professedly military school. The whole body of students was separated into five divisions. Those who belonged to the highest of these were termed "Cavaliers' sons"; the three next divisions were composed of the noble and citizen classes intermixed; the fifth was devoted to youngsters of a lower grade, who were trained in music, acting, and dancing: thus representing the original purpose of the institution, which now combined the University with the Conservatoire.

The discipline of the establishment was of the strictest and most orderly kind. At six in the morning all the students rose, said prayers, made their own beds, and partook of a simple breakfast, and at seven began the hours of instruction, during which each student might dress in a surtout, purchased by himself, and of what colour he pleased. The lectures ended at eleven, at which hour every student retired to the dormitory to dress himself in a uniform, which was indispensable at dinner. About noon, when the labours of the toilette were ended, the students were conducted into a parade-room, each division headed by its proper officers, and were rigidly inspected by the Duke or a deputy. The most formidable part of this ceremony consisted in giving the Duke certain reports of conduct made by the superiors, each delinquent

thus being the informer of his own delinquency. After the inspection came a solemn march into the dining-room, where, when all had taken their places, the word of command was given for "grace," which was solemnly said from a sort of pulpit by the student whose turn it was to be chaplain for the day. The repast was of a most liberal kind, the students being even allowed to take away fruit for their afternoon's refreshment, and the ceremony of dinner concluded as solemnly as it had begun. Thus fortified, the students resumed their ordinary attire, and recreated themselves till two o'clock, chiefly with athletic sports and gardening, each of them being allowed a piece of ground for his own especial use. The second course of lectures lasted from two to seven. Supper took place with the same ceremony as dinner, and nine was the hour for general retirement to the dormitory.

Vacation in the ordinary sense there was none; but the students occasionally were taken to the theatre in marching order, and there were three high days in the course of the year,—namely, the anniversary of the foundation of the institution and the birthdays of the Duke and his mistress Francisca, whose dignity, equivocal as it might appear in the eyes of the great world, was formally recognized in the little world of the Academy.

The official veneration for Francisca was, indeed, one of the oddest features of the establishment. On the occasion of one of the festivals in this lady's honour, the Duke had proposed a casuistical question respecting Virtue as the subject of an oration, and Schiller was the orator. After descanting upon that renowned peg for commonplace, the death of Socrates, the young rhapsodist launched out in this incoherent fashion, to show that virtue is the harmonious combination of love with wisdom:

Illustrious Duke, not with the blush-raising panegyric of crawling flattery (your sons have not learned to flatter); no, freely and with the open brow of truth, can I come forward and say, she it is, the amiable friend (*Freundin*) of Charles,—she, the friend of man,—she, the especial mother of us all—Francisca! Not to the glittering court, not to the nobles who surround Charles, not even to my friends, who, glowing, await the signal to burst forth in stormy acclamation,—no,—to the poor, in their hovels, do I now appeal; to eyes filled with tears, Francisca, tears of gratitude and joy! In the hearts of these innocents is the memory of Francisca more solemnly honoured than by the lustre of this assemblage. When Charles, the severest judge of virtue, himself rewards virtue! Charles! For when was he ever dazzled by the show of feigned goodness? Charles celebrates the festival of Francisca. Who is greater, the one who practises virtue or the one who rewards it? Both imitate the Deity! I am silent,—too insignificant to praise Charles. I veil myself; I am silent; but I see, I already see the sons of coming years. I see them at this festival, and at another yet. I see them roaming about the graves of the departed great. They weep—weep for Charles—Württemberg's excellent Charles,—weep for Francisca—the friend of man!

Afterwards, the regard of Schiller for Francisca was expressed in terms of less unmixed admiration, though he still treated her with kindness. She became the "Lady Milford" of 'Kabale und Liebe.'

From such displays as we have described, it might be inferred that the prejudices of Charles Eugene on any subject were not very deeply rooted; but he shared with our second King George a deep aversion for one vice—namely, poetry; and he who had a taste for it within the precincts of the Academy rode his hobby under circumstances of no small difficulty. The introduction of any poetical work among the students was a contraband proceeding. Even

old, respectable Klopstock could only be read on the sly.

That the Academy was no very pleasant residence for Schiller, and that he sought consolation by pursuing an inner life totally apart from the prescribed routine, is intelligible enough. The well-meaning Charles was, at best, but an enlightened despot, after a pattern once fashionable in Europe; and, though he liked to do good, he would not let the objects of his benevolence be happy in their own way. On the other hand, Schiller, in his youth, was the incarnate spirit of insubordination, one of those beings whom it is impossible to force into a beaten track. He first adopted jurisprudence as a profession; and when he had whimsically abandoned it for medicine, his medical dissertations, though commended for the talent displayed in them, displeased the heads of the Academy, by the disrespectful manner in which the great authorities of science were mentioned. There are some geniuses whom no University will suit; and there is every reason to believe that Schiller was one of them.

During the disagreement with the Duke that resulted in Schiller's famous flight from Stuttgart, he conceived the plot of 'Kabale und Liebe,'—all the bad characters in which were intended to represent real personages at the Württemberg Court. But, in later life, Schiller learned to esteem the qualities of one who had been his patron and his persecutor. Standing by the grave of Charles Eugene with his friend Von Hoven, he said:—

There he reposes, the once restlessly active man! He had great faults as a ruler, greater as a man; but the former were far overbalanced by his great qualities, and the memory of the latter must be buried with the dead. Therefore, I tell you, if, now he lies here, you hear any one speak ill of him, trust not the speaker, for he will not be a good—at least, not a noble-minded—man.

The difference between Charles Eugene and Schiller was not an opposition between absolute bad on one side and absolute good on the other, but a collision between two abstract principles, that reached their culminating point of hostility at the close of the eighteenth century.

MINOR MINSTRELS.

The Steam-Engine; or, the Powers of Flame: an Original Poem, in Ten Cantos, by T. Baker, (Baker,) is an industrious effort to express in a rigid, cast-iron way the marvellous genealogy, the illimitable prospects, and the political, social, and religious benefits of compressed vapour. Mr. Baker is better acquainted with the laws of dynamics than with the lines of beauty. His cantos are so many long tram-roads, proceeding from Messrs. Arago, Lardner, Stephenson, and Watt's works. His stoppages are frequent, and his poetic rate that of a luggage train. Of course he takes up Tubal Cain, otherwise Vulcan,—then the mathematical Hero who invented the Cœlispile, or, as he terms it, "the young steam-boy,"—and after making use of a lively steam-image which used to cut capers in Staffordshire halls under the name of Jack of Hylton, the author's locomotive impulse drives him through an avenue, two centuries in length, of bombs, craters, and boiling cauldrons whence Busterick, the Teuton God, thunders, till at length the majesty of the English speech being much offended, the canto is very properly carried off to the Tower, and the countenance of the Marquis of Worcester appears "more in sorrow than in anger." At this point "the powers of flame" utterly overcome us; half-divine, steam personages who perform a series of unholy antics, such as dividing themselves into three parts, come out and waylay us, attempting an address in a way that our readers would not in the least understand; and finally we are conducted to a place where we trust that all poets who have no ears may go—a prize exhibition of hissing Clepsydras, and throbbing cylinders, and clattering engines, and dull, muffled

pumps and hammers, and things with shrieking, roaring, insatiate iron teeth, that go about seeking what music there is in the world to devour. Leaving the society of terrestrial locomotives, in the fourth canto we spend a period of a hundred pages among marine engines, dating from the Comet in 1811, the first Thames steamer, to the last, which so long was the "Leave-her-high-and-dry-athan." The interesting heathens called "Navvies" are thus described:—

Hard was their toil for sixteen hours a day,
For which, of course, they had essential pay.
While daily thus these modern Sampsons toiled,
Much did they eat of beef both roast and boiled.
More did they drink,—their thirst was ay encore:
And loud they bellowed, vapoured, stormed and swore.
By way of pastime, too, at their toil went on,
Alike too when their daily task was done.
In vast Herculean toll alone they hoped,
If debts encumbered to new times they "sloped."

—Mr. Baker has "sloped" too. We recommend him to return to prose, in which line it is possible his industry may be rewarded.

The Travellers—The Repose. By R. T. Fisher, (Pickering.)—This is a didactic poem in three parts, entitled the Night-Watch, the Day-Watch, and the Repose, full of grave, meditative thought and the utterances of a graceful philosophy. The author appears to be one of those scholarly men, whose minds to them are kingdoms, which the gusts of external circumstance or the currents of worldly passion are unable to move. The window of their home, mostly one of "low content," looks out on a little garden that lies somewhere beyond the line of the bills of mortality. They reckon time by the shadows and flowers, and never hear a clock strike. There are no bells which can be violently rung in their house, and far off from their inward ear are the sounds of sharpening knives or the warnings of impetuous she-cooks. They never dread a single knock, nor fear the appearance of an ill-dressed friend. In summer-time, their door is ever open to let in a weary sunbeam, and in winter you may hear the tap of frozen-out robins seeking alms at the library-window, through which, if you had the gift of fern-seed and could glide in noiselessly behind the inmate's chair, you might see a pair of fond, large eyes resting on a sunlit page of Milton or Wordsworth, or watch them upward glowing with love of beauty when the first star takes by divine right its station in the sky. Then the night-watch would begin, and, like the author whose volume is before us, they would muse on starry philosophy and feed on heavenly numbers. The author of 'The Travellers' uses well-chosen epithets, and the structure of his verse is calm and stately. Single lines and passages occur which are Miltonic; for example:—

Nor had the sun insensibly
Led up the ran of light.

—weariness,

Still unrelieved, sat on their closed eyes
Sleep's sentinel.

—soon the nimble perfume of the noon
Came keen around them.

—ideal things

Like shooting stars seen but in vanishing.
Plants and herbs

Connatured with the imperishable store.

—Throughout the language and pauses are exceedingly harmonious, and the only objection which may be urged against the poem as a whole is that arising from the nature of the subject and the general difficulty of conducting a scientific argument in poetry.

Miching Mallecho, and other Poems. By Paul Richardson, (Burton-upon-Trent, Whitehouse; London, Mozley.)—This is a volume mischievous, audacious, and extremely provocative; but, in spite of its wild wit and somewhat prurient fancy, in aim and spirit so evidently sincere and manly, that we are inclined to accept the book for what it is, and take it into our favour. Mr. Richardson assails folly as it flies with a battle-axe, and deals blows needlessly violent on certain frail phantoms of the aristocracy. Is it impossible for a poet to be patriotic without misbehaving in the manner of Launce's dog, be-smirching the dress of every lord, and giving a bad name to every ball-room fine lady? Is honesty only a denizen of a back street, and are love and virtue only inmates of a workman's cottage? Of the rough vigour there is in 'Miching Mallecho,' the following is a favourable example:—

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A man goes by me in a shabby coat;
The people think they see a shabby man;
The shabby man is riding in his coach:
Ha! ha! the hero of a hundred feasts!
Who, like a coward, from the battle slunk
And wears a hero's honours unabashed.
Hark! gods, how he is followed by their cheers!
—He who is passing yonder has not yet
Been toasted at your banquets—yet e'en he
Has here on his body written o'er
And o'er again, sirs, by your foemen's swords:
One who has faced your foes a hundred times,
Gracing your name with feats of soldierly:
Grappled with Death on Alma's bloody slope;
Rushed up thro' fire and flame to victory;
And when our foemen covered Inkerman
He stood and fought in fire the live-long day;
Commanded, too, by fellows only fit
To fight where men like these should lead the way.

—As an example of Mr. Richardson's lyrical faculty, take the following extract:

Bless the Lord for the twinkling stars!

Here is a poetical dandy;

With an air of inspiration bright;

And a very strong scent of brandy:

Out of the seventh heaven he's come,

A ladylike, jingling rhymer;

To sing us up to his seraph ideal,

And give us a touch sublimber.

He mourns, poor soul! for our gross life

His heavenly stomach has turn'd;

He eyes each person as he would say,

Go to, you are not learned!

He was not made for this low sphere;

His thoughts are all radiant-roy:

He's tired of living—he's pining away;

This life is so dem'd prosy.

* * *

Love begging charity, virtue a rarity,

Shunn'd like beggar and dun :

Thrift, thrift, thrift, is the aim and drift

Of every mother's son.

And still the world sweeps down to hell,

And man has less love in his labour:

The fruit of no man's work is good,

But good for himself and neighbour.

The number of "over-souled" or night-and-the-soul sort of bards, that are indentured to arithmetic and base worldly traffic by day, and at night only obtain the freedom of the city, and are manumitted into the empyrean, appears to be much on the increase. Hold communion with clouds, young men, if you will, and let your fire out with intense open-window studies of starlight, so long as you forbear pen and ink. Nothing can come of that pursuit save colds. Alexander T. M'Lean has been guilty of a volume entitled *Oran, and other Poems*, the aim of which is, "to advance the cause of morality, and to refine and exalt the human mind." Our criticism at once objects to be advanced by any Mrs. Barbauld-like hymns and expressly moral poems; and our mind is so inhuman as neither to be refined nor exalted by '*Oran, and other Poems.*' Take a bit of *Oranian* spasm.—

Good night? for *Oran* there is no good night:

[*Give to the window and looks out.*

The clouds are coursing madly through the heavens
Like smotring chargers, and obscure the moon;

Now it is light, and then 'tis dark profound,

And dreary as the shadows of Hades.

The stars keep twinkling, and their wavering light,

'Twixn the alternately darklings, seem as if

They dozed, and wakening from their drowsy sleep,

Pierced out to see if all their watch was safe.

Lodged on the skirts of this great town, I hear

The giant breathing heavily, as if

The Nightmare fettered all his iron limbs,

And in his terror struggled to be free.

I'm not the only sleepless watcher here.

All no! full many a skyward attic's light

Is seen out over the darkness, and it tells

Of pinching Poverty, that eats the hearts,

And sucks the life-blood with the vampire's lips.

These attic stars are glimmering through the fog,

As glimmers ere it dies the hope of years,

When life's enveloped in the murkiest robe.

That ever wrapped a moonless, starless earth.

We cannot bestow any blessings on the head of the Rev. John Anderson, with whom, as an author, we now are "first acquaint." What his brow is like, judging from the *Legend of Glenoe*, and other Poems, it were not difficult to say if we were at all given to likenesses. A reader who cared might perhaps trace a feeble likeness to Byron's melo-dramas in the longest effusion, or to Shelley's cloud in these lines, wherein the spirit of egotism is described:—

Mine is the blue of the summer sky,
The music of the stream;
The tint of the flower,
The drop of the shower,
The blossom on the tree.
And the cloud, that rides
O'er Heaven's broad tides
Are full of the spirit of me.

—If the reader will expand and hunt rhymes for monks, hermits, the wandering of the heart, childhood hours, long frozen feelings which tumultuous throb, he will have a sufficiently accurate conception of the poem.

NEW NOVELS.

The Three Chances. By the Authoress of 'The Fair Carew.' 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—This is a novel of the natural school, in which, after turning a page or two, we hoped to have found something more than shrewd remarks, and now and then unquestionable facts. The progress of the story is so slow, and the narrative so involved and encumbered with endless confidential correspondence that even a patient reader must surrender at last, refusing to be charmed or interested in the amatory fortunes of Mr. Frere, that representative of imaginary deafness for whom our Authoress entreats public sympathy and regard, and whose chief claim upon our feelings in the first volume appears to arise out of the fact that he is cut off from the music of nightingales and other poetical vocalists. There is a family party—a generalizing young lady, betrothed to an exemplary bore of a colonel, who makes and takes declarations to and from the deaf man, in an original way,—a slangy old lady, whose favourite oath is "By jingo," and who talks of her "Davy" and her "Jarvey,"—there are love dilemmas—a little marital infidelity—a suicide—a cure,—and, finally, Mr. Frere, after vacillating through three fatiguing volumes, marries,—as nothing else remains for him, and as he ought to have been made to do in the first page,—his first chance.

The Noble Traytour: a Chronicle. By Thomas of Swarriort, Arniiger. 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—We fear that 'The Noble Traytour' will scarcely reward the author for all the painstaking, care, and research he has bestowed upon his work. It is not without interest; but, being written in imitation of the speech of the period, it reads heavily; and the story, of ponderous historical build, drags, or, at least, marches with the slowest pace. The brave and unfortunate Earl of Essex is the "noble Traytour,"—but Raleigh, Sydney, and others of less note, occupy the stage along with him. Raleigh does not shine, and Queen Elizabeth is a very step-dame Fortune. The closing scene, immediately after the Earl's execution, is well done,—and the interview between the wretched wife of the Earl of Essex and the yet more wretched Queen has much quiet power and truth in it; still, the book is not easy reading. Few will have the nerve to go through these solid volumes of quaint English; they require the most careful and consecutive attention to attain the facts, which have to be extracted from the pages like so many bullets. 'The Noble Traytour' is a monument of misdirected industry.

The Exiles of Italy. By G. C. H. (Edinburgh, Constable & Co.; London, Hamilton & Co.)—'The Exiles of Italy' deals with the transactions that have now become matters of history; the siege of Rome, the trial of Pocero and his comrades, the dungeons of Naples, with all their horrors and atrocities, the fear of rulers, and the oppression of the people, are all interwoven into a story after the manner, though not with the touching beauty, of 'Dr. Antonio,'—but the tale is so true that its interest cannot be marred. The sympathy of the reader supplies all the defects and shortcomings of the author. A pious, gentle spirit runs through the book, and there is a studious abstinence from exaggeration of either fact or sentiment,—such incidents have all really happened, and are still occurring every day. Now that two of our own countrymen are exposed to the horrors of Neapolitan justice, the story of Italian wrongs has assumed a new emphasis for Englishmen.

The Wild Tribes of the North: a Tale of Adventures. By Anne Bowman. (Routledge & Co.)—This is an entertaining story of Siberian scenes but the incidents are not very natural,—indeed, the extreme hardiness with which all articles of use or comfort allow themselves to be found by the exiles, in the most unexpected and improbable places and circumstances, savours more of a fairy tale than the

modest likelihood which a modern tale requires. The various characters are not more gifted in the art of finding than they are with the skill of using, and the wonderful things they contrive to cook and to build and to make will raise the reader's wonder quite as much as their perils and adventures. The story is, however, smooth and entertaining, which is a great merit. The descriptions of the countries and their produce—the inhabitants, their manners and customs, all seem to be sufficiently and carefully done,—only young readers must not expect that the incidents would fall so conveniently in real life.

Vendiad; or, the Blessed One: a Tale of the Thirteenth Century. (Saunders & Otley.)—This is a novel of the reign and the time of Edward the First, and the feuds and forays of England and Wales are set forth, no doubt correctly as to their times and seasons, but the dresses and decorations are of the most modern drawing-room types. A Welsh baron, summoned to meet his sovereign Llewellyn, and aid him to do battle with Lord Mortimer, who was laying waste the Principality, receives the summons as follows:—"The bronzed cheek of the Tewdwr flushed angrily as he heard these words, and he instantly replied, 'Thanks, good Walwyn, I will not lose a moment in obeying my sovereign's behest and giving him every aid this arm and sword can render.'" Then, turning to his daughter, who hung breathlessly on his arm, he added, "It grieves me, indeed, to leave you again so soon, my Eva, but when duty calls it were a sin to tarry." The whole book is written in Sir Charles Grandison's vein, and to those inclined to encounter a historical novel of early times it certainly makes it easier to read; but we fear the most enterprising of patient readers will find the work dull.

Bertram Noel: a Story for Youth. By E. J. May. (Marlborough & Co.)—'Bertram Noel' is an excellent story of its class, though in the end it goes too much into the novel. Evelyn's struggle with herself at the close of the story, though very good and true, is not exactly the particular moral to be inculcated on youthful readers,—it is at once too much and too little. It is not well to initiate young people into scenes of passion; and in the previous page there has been too little insight given to make it very intelligible or natural. Moreover, it is not in human nature for the fierce pain of an unrequited attachment of years to pass away in one brief struggle,—time and space are annihilated in miracles, but time is an element that may not be set aside by books professing to be "stories for youth." For the rest, 'Bertram Noel' is interesting, and it is written with spirit, and there is no fear that young readers will prove hard critics.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Master Peter—[Maitre Pierre]. By Edmond About. (Paris, Hachette & Co.)—In one sense or the word, M. About is more of an artist than many of his class. No matter what his material, from whom or from what derived, Johnson's praise of Goldsmith is applicable to him, and he makes his work as "entertaining as a Persian tale." This time he is agricultural, economical, statistical, topographical, rural. French inhabitants and English tourists (not forgetting contributors to the *Athenæum*) have of late been looking at that strange district betwixt Bordeaux and Bayonne, the *Landes*,—some with an eye to the poetry of semi-savage, semi-desert plains, and the wild and striking scenery of their "sea board" furnished by the pine-wooded Lake of Arcachon,—others with a view to the resources of the wilderness, to its resinous timber, to its pools and inlets ("broads" they would be called in Suffolk), with their eels and their weeds,—to its puzzling sandy soil,—so capriciously, to the mere common passer-by, divided betwixt wet and dry, hungry and thirsty. Such a locality, it might have been predicated, would be an ungrateful perchng-ground for M. About, when on a new volume intent. Yet it has not proved so. On the contrary, the story of *Maitre Pierre*, a Landais peasant, who resolved, with the chivalrous enthusiasm of some old liberator, to deliver his country from the curse of its barrenness and

disease, by tilling, and planting, and draining it, is told by M. About with that faith in his own legend which never fails to strike faith into the hearts of others. The Tyrolese orphan, Findelkind—who made a vow in his infancy to build a hospital and hospitally among the snows and glaciers of his native mountains, and went through the world preaching and praying till he had stirred others to listen and to aid him—was hardly more devoted than this hero of the sands and salt-lakes. Maitre Pierre, however, was more ambitious, with all his energy and beneficence, than the poor orphan. He became fond of money, rejoiced in every new difficulty vanished and plan adopted a little in the spirit of one who vaunts his own power; and under the chariot-wheels of his success all but crushed out another charge entrusted to him, as well as the regeneration of the *Landes*—the life-happiness of an innocent girl, who had long been devotedly in love with one too busy to heed, still more to requite, her affection. The story of Marinette spoils our pleasure in this book, bringing it into the category of those every-day tales of sentiment which every one can write.—There are other touches too like make-believe to permit our giving ourselves up implicitly to Maitre Pierre and his excellent acts; but the book, with every drawback, is welcome as a variety, and will be especially so to the Southern tourists who have loitered betwixt France and Spain in or round the *Landes*.

The Knights Hospitallers in England: being the Report of Prior Philip de Thame to the Grand Master, Elyan de Villanova, for A.D. 1338. Edited by the Rev. S. B. Larking. With an Historical Introduction, by John Mitchell Kemble. (Printed for the Camden Society.)—The document here printed is in the Public Library at Valetta, and is a balance-sheet containing an account of receipts and expenditure for every manor held by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in England. It affords much information as to the comparative value of lands in different parts of the kingdom in the fourteenth century,—on the prices of commodities,—and generally upon the social economy of those days. The late Mr. Kemble, in his Introduction, not only gives an elaborate analysis of the contents of this document, but points out the manner in which the more remarkable items in the account illustrate the habits of those times. This publication is a valuable addition to what may now be called the Camden Library.

The Rights, Duties, and Relations of Domestic Servants, their Masters and Mistresses. By T. H. Bayliss, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. (Low & Co.)—This is a useful little brochure, written in a humane, benevolent spirit. It contains not only the law on the relations subsisting between masters and mistresses, but also the Gospel rules for their mutual conduct. It is a compendious reference which we should imagine will prove acceptable to the parties for whose benefit it is written.

The Gloom of Life: a Memoir of James Stirling. By the Rev. Alexander Wallace. (Glasgow, Scottish Temperance League.)—This is a charming little book; it contains pictures of Scottish rural life seventy years ago, told in a simple, pleasant style. The descriptions of the life of working-men at that period are curious. Although written as a Temperance book, it has an interest quite independent of its speciality. It is, we should think, likely to do good; it offers encouragement to all who are beset with the temptation to indulge in strong drink, and gives a graphic picture of the misery and bondage of drunkenness. It is well written, and is superior to the general run of Temperance literature.

Stenelaus and Amylda: a Christmas Legend for Children of a Larger Growth, illustrated by George Cruikshank (Griffith & Farran), is a Temperance tale, the felicity of which has escaped us, if felicity there be. Enough to state, that it is a legend of a weak king and a foolish queen, who are held in thrall and brought to shame by a sorcerer,—and that Mr. G. Cruikshank's woodcuts are more entertaining, moritory, and to the purpose than the letter-press.

Mental Furniture; or, the Adaptation of Knowledge for Man. By Thomas Hughes. (Hamilton & Co.)—This book is written, says the Preface, to

assist in the culture of the mind, to add a small fraction to the treasures of knowledge, to assist in the elevation and happiness of man, and to make a small compensation for the author's deficiency in true knowledge. It would seem as if the author thought that a book in praise of knowledge was an atonement for the want of it. He says, he has no theory to propound nor conventional view to support. We wish we had read the Preface through before we did anything else, for we lost time in trying to find out what it was all about. The book seems to contain reflections on knowledge—well enough in their way, but insipid when they come by eight-score pages at a time, without any seasoning. The author and ourselves are much at issue about things in general. Take a couple of instances—"The effect is like its cause." Now, we see no likeness between a broken bone and a bullet in rapid motion. Again—"The fact that all things have an end, shows and proves the existence of law, order and responsibility." Do we really know that all things have an end before we have any idea of law, order and responsibility? Do we not rather infer that all things have an end from what we see of law and order? And is the necessary conclusion that all things have an end properly called a *fact*. However, as all things have an end, so must our notice of this work, and we will end with a little story. Some years ago, we saw among the answers to correspondents in a Sunday newspaper the decision of a bet by the editor. A. bet B. that he, B., would not name a rule without exception. B. took the bet, and propounded as his rule that a person must be present in the place in which he is shaved. A. demurred, and contended that the bet was not won. The parties referred to the editor of the Sunday paper, who decided in favour of A.,—for, said the editor, that a person must be present when he is shaved is not a rule but a *fact*. We thought the editor wrong; we thought that "must" made a rule, for as the proverb says, "Must is for the King," and the king is a ruler.

The Knights of the Cross. By Mrs. Agar. (Newby)—A brief history of the Crusades, aimed at young readers, and written neatly.

Early Years and Late Reflections. By Clement Carlyon, M.D. Vol. IV. (Whittaker & Co.)—We cannot apprehend that many besides Dr. Carlyon himself will regret that this is the last as well as the fourth volume of his lucubrations. Happily the *Athenæum* is absolved from all necessity of dealing with it in detail by the fact that it is a miscellany of theological controversies, ranging betwixt matters no less recondite than the subject of that singular book, the "Gospel of Nicodemus," and no less common-place than the vivacities of Mr. Spurgeon.

A Biographical Notice of Thomas Stark, "the Meragisseey Quaker," &c., by Cantabar (St. Austle, Giles), amounts to sixteen pages of local scandal, which may be safely handed over to the Mevagissey Review!

The reprints since our last announcement are of more than usual interest. Mr. Charles Dickens has commenced with *The Pickwick Papers* (Chapman & Hall) a new library edition of his works, to be completed in twenty-two handsome volumes, beautifully printed and illustrated,—in fact, an edition fit alike for the drawing-room table, the lady's boudoir, and the old gentleman's cabinet, into all of which it is pretty certain to find its way.—Mr. Murray has reproduced, in two volumes, an admirable book for boys, Mr. Craik's *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*,—and in a separate form a few chapters on *Our Indian Empire*, from Lord Stanhope's *History of England*.—Messrs. Constable have sent out a tenth volume of Sir William Hamilton's edition of *The Works of Dugald Stewart*.—A new impression of Mill and Wilson's *History of British India* (Madden) has been very opportunely commenced. Two volumes have appeared, in a handy form, with clear type and good paper. This book should be in the hands of every man anxious to understand our Eastern troubles.—We have on our table a fresh copy (query, reprint?) of M. de Lamartine's *History of the Constituent Assembly* (Piper & Co.).—Mr. Moxon has issued Mr. Dyce's *Webster* in a single volume.—Mr. Bentley gives us in one volume a new impres-

sion of *The Ingoldsby Legends*.—Mr. Bohn has added the following works to his useful libraries:—to the "Scientific Library," Dr. Carpenter's *Zoology*, Vol. II., and Vol. I. of Mr. Rosse's *Index of Dates*; to the "Illustrated Library," Pope's *Odyssey*, with Flaxman's designs, and Stuart's *Antiquities of Athens*; to the "Standard Library," Sturm's *Morning Communing with God*; and to his "Shilling Series," Dr. Carpenter's *Physiology of Temperance*.—Mr. Russell Smith has added to his interesting "Library of Old Authors" two volumes of Lilly's *Dramatic Works*, with a careful Preface by Mr. Fairbairn.—Messrs. Black have issued in a handy volume Mr. Nicol's *Elements of Mineralogy*, from the "Encyclopædia Britannica."—Messrs. Tegg & Co. have brought forth a new edition, in two volumes, with a controversial Preface, of Prideaux's *Connexion of the Old and New Testaments*.—We have reproduced from various magazines and reviews—Mr. George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life* (Blackwood).—Dr. Brown's *Lectures on the Atomic Theory* (Constable).—*Plan for an Equitable Standard of Value* (Herald Office, Aberdeen).—Mr. Lewes's *Sea-Side Studies* (Blackwood).—And Mr. Bagshot's *Estimates of some Englishmen and Scotchmen* (Chapman & Hall).—To these announcements we may add *The Prophecy of Khosra*, translated by J. D., and edited by M. D. (Hope).—*The Earliest Inhabitants of Italy*, from Theodore Mommsen's "History of Rome," translated by George Robertson (Parker).—We have on our table a *Memoir of Dr. Armstrong* (Parker),—and a bound volume, No. III., of *The Building News*.—Among table books and other miscellanies which may be handed over to the reader without loss of time are Mr. Dod's very handy *Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1858*, and the same writer's *Parliamentary Companion for 1858* (both published by Whittaker).—*The Handbook of the Court (King)*, eighth year of publication.—Mr. Timbs's *Year-Book of Facts (Kent)*.—*Webster's Royal Red Book for January, 1858*,—*Who's Who in 1858*, edited by C. H. Oakes (Baily Brothers).—Mr. Thom's *Irish Almanac and Official Directory for 1858*.—*The London and Provincial Medical Directory for 1858*.—Mr. C. Mitchell's *Newspaper Press Directory and Advertiser's Guide*.—*The American Almanac for 1858*.—*The Post-Magazine Almanac for 1858*.—*The Foreign Office List for 1858*.—Lawson's *Gardener's Calendar for 1858*, on a broad sheet.—Layton's *Almanac on a card*,—and Pollard's *Almanac*, also on a card.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Alibata's *How to Speak French*, 5th edit. fr. 8vo. 5s. ed. cl.
Atkinson's *Memoir of the Queen of Prussia*, fr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Baird's *Cyclopaedia of the Natural Sciences*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Barlow's *Handbook of Chemistry*, 8vo. 12s. 6d. cl.
Bohn's *New Picture Book*, folio. 10s. 6d. cl.
Bowman's *Practical Chemistry*, edited by Bloxam, 3rd ed. 6d. cl.
Brock's *Dictionary of the Landed Gentry*, royal 8vo. 47s. ed. cl.
Chesterton's *Life and Times*, by Macknight, Vols. 1 and 2, 30s. cl.
Cherpillod's *Life of Verdiens*, new ed. by Delitte, 18s. cl.
Cheshire's *Table Book with a Key*, 18s. 6d. cl.
Churton's *Early English Church*, new ed. fr. 8vo. 4s. cl.
Cooper's *Drawing-Book of Animals and Rustic Groups*, new ed. 6s.
Davey's *Ganglionous Nervous System, its Structure, &c.* 8vo. 9s. cl.
Davy's *Prayer for the Womankind Families*, fr. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Foster's *Manual of Geographical Pronunciation*, fr. 8vo. 2s. cl.
Fouqué's *Undine*, trans. fr. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Guizot's *Physical Geography*, trans. by Felton, with 12 Maps, 5s. cl.
Handbook of *Political Economy*, fr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Herodotus, by Rawlinson and Wilkinson, Vol. 1, 8vo. 18s. cl.
Hickman's *Geography*, 8vo. 12s. cl.
Historical & Practical Sermons on the Resurrection, 2 vols. 10s. 6d.
Hutchinson's *Impressions of Western Africa*, post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Hyperion's *Oration over Leontine*, ed. by Babington, folio. 15s.
Irving's *Comedies of India*, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
London's *India: Considerations on the Condition of the Cardholders*, 7th edit. 7s. cl.
Lisbie's *History of British Birds' Eggs*, illust. 12mo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Martineau's *Future Government of India*, 8vo. 8s. cl.
Miller's *Rural Sketches*, trans. fr. 8vo. 2s. bds.
Miller's *India in 1858*, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
Parr's *Practical History*, new edit. 4s. cl.
Paterson (W.), the *Merchant Statesman*, by Bannister, fr. 8vo. 5s.
Pattison's *Earth and the Word*, fr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Pattison's *Act of 1844 Explained and Defended*, 3rd ed. by Torrens, 12s.
Ramsay's *Social Life and Character*, 2nd edit. 18s. 6d. cl.
Roth's *Armenia*, by G. R. G. Trevelyan, 18s. 6d. cl.
Sample on *Cough*, its Causes, &c. post 8vo. 4s. ed. cl.
Scoffern's *Weapons of War and Explosive Compounds*, 3rd ed. 8s. cl.
Smyth's *Teneriffe: An Astronomer's Experiment*, fr. 8vo. 31s. cl.
Swaby's *Act relating to Divorce*, with Notes, 2nd edit. 10s. cl.
Tucker's *Practical Guide to the Law of Damages*, post 8vo. 12s. cl.
Vogel's *Atlas of Geography, Physical and Political*, new edit. 6s. cl.
Year after Year, by the Author of "Paul Ferrell," post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

There is much truth and smartness in the saying of that African Solomon, Sekeletu, reported by Dr. Livingstone, "that it is more pleasant to be deceived than to be undeceived." But, unfortunately, it is not in the nature of pleasure to last for ever; we grow tired even of being agreeably deceived. Sooner or later we seek to be undeceived just for the sake of change, and in order to regain the

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power of enjoying some fresh deception. But, seriously speaking, it is hard to conceive how any circumstances can impose the obligation of aiding, abetting, or sharing in infatuation. Truth has its claims, and geographical truth is supposed to be under the protection of an influential learned Society. On all accounts, therefore, it appears to me that the reality of Dr. Livingstone's Great Geographical Discovery is now become a legitimate subject of discussion. He has had his triumph, whereas I sincerely rejoice, for as a traveller he is entitled to heroic rank, but his triumph must not be taken as implying the triumph of all the opinions which he has promulgated. As a courageous explorer he holds the highest place, as a geographer the very lowest. Though prepared to dispute with him every point, without a single exception, of his African geography from east to west, beyond his narrow line of route, and some points even on that, I shall here confine myself to a single subject,—the union of the Leeambye with the Zambeze—and hope that in England, as in Africa, Dr. Livingstone will think it "pleasant to hear objections frankly stated."

Above a year ago I pointed out in the *Athenæum*, No. 1507, the fallacy pervading all the accounts of Dr. Livingstone's proceedings, namely, that the Leeambye was not only assumed to join the Zambeze, but was constantly named Zambeze, and thus the distinction between the two rivers being broken down, the hypothetical union was passed off on incautious readers as an ascertained fact. Subsequently, in the *Athenæum*, No. 1520, yielding to reports issuing from what appeared to be good authority, I was led to admit that Dr. Livingstone had indeed traced the Leeambye down to the Zambeze. Now, however, that I have become wiser by the careful perusal of his narrative, I can have no hesitation in returning to my first opinion, and declaring my belief that the union of the Leeambye with the Zambeze,—the great river flowing across the continent and navigable from the eastern coast to the interior,—is a mere delusion.

Though the remarks which I offered to the *Athenæum* did not transgress in the least, I think, the limits of fair discussion, Dr. Livingstone has thought fit to advert to them in his volume in rather ungracious terms. Nevertheless, as the passage in question is a very fair specimen of his style of reasoning, and as it really contains his whole case, I shall here produce it:—

"Being persuaded that Mr. Osswell and myself were the very first Europeans who ever visited the Zambezi in the centre of the country, and that this [the Smoke-Sounds Cataract or Victoria Falls] is the connecting link between the known and the unknown portions of that river, I decided to use the same liberty as the Makololo did, and gave the only English name I have affixed to any part of the country. No better proof of previous ignorance of this river could be desired, than that an untravelled gentleman, who had spent a great part of his life in the study of the geography of Africa, and knew everything written on the subject, from the time of Ptolemy downwards, actually asserted in the *Athenæum*, while I was coming up the Red Sea, that this magnificent river, the Leeambye, had 'no connexion with the Zambesi, but flowed under the Kalahari Desert, and became lost'; and 'that as all the old maps asserted, the Zambesi took its rise in the very hills to which we have now come.' This modest assertion smacks exactly as if a native of Timbuctoo should declare, that the 'Thames' and the 'Pool' were different rivers, he having seen neither the one nor the other. Leeambye and Zambesi mean the same thing, viz., the RIVER."—p. 518.

Here Dr. Livingstone begins with assuming the very point in dispute. Standing on the banks of the Leeambye, he calls it "the Zambesi in the centre of the country." I do not pretend to understand what is meant by calling the Victoria Falls, "the link between the known and the unknown parts of the river," but of this I am sure, that whatever parts were then unknown, are still unknown. I need offer no apology for the gentleman who presumed to express an opinion on a question which he had carefully and conscientiously studied. He stands

in very advantageous contrast with the writer, who, in utter ignorance or disregard of all preceding writers, overturns whatever is best established, and assuming ignorance to be universal, flings before the generous public, crude geographical information, drawn from the worst sources, together with unqualified opinions founded as little on actual observation as on careful study. My map, drawn in 1853 to illustrate my 'Inner Africa Laid Open,' made a very bold advance in geography. One of the most difficult problems solved by it was that of reducing the maritime regions of Africa, known in an imperfect manner by Europeans, and enormously magnified, to their just dimensions. This attempt was made with very imperfect guidance, yet so successfully, that the positions assigned by me to the River Quango on the one side of the continent, and Tete on the other, coincide, within the limits of errors, with those fixed by Dr. Livingstone, who was, therefore, so far anticipated. So remarkable a proof of the correctness attainable by calculation of probabilities alone, could not have failed to attract the attention of any well-informed and conscientious writer following in the same track. In short, my map sheds a broader and brighter light on the interior of Africa than Dr. Livingstone's, to which, in authenticity and approach to truth, it is incomparably superior. The sentence respecting the source of the river and the old maps, in the above extract, is not mine, but the offspring of Dr. Livingstone's vigorous imagination.

He objects to the suggestion, that "the magnificent river, the Leeambye," can be lost in the desert. Nevertheless, to prove the possibility of such a termination, we have only to point to the River Zouga: that also he calls "a magnificent river," (*Jour. R. G. S.* xx. p. 138), and yet it disappears in the sands of the desert, 300 miles below Lake Ngami. And what is much to the purpose, the waters of the Zouga and Ngami are connected by cross channels with those of the Leeambye, and the wasting of the Zouga is the wasting of the whole system. The Leeambye is, to be sure, a more magnificent river than the Zouga; but, on the other hand, it is undoubtedly dammed up at the Falls, so that its discharge is but partial, and perhaps comparatively small. The whole system of these internal waters—the Linoka-noka, or waters upon waters—is manifestly composed of rivers very ill developed as such and wasting more than they discharge. Why, therefore, when we see the magnificent river, the Zouga disappearing in the sands 300 miles below Lake Ngami, should we deny the possibility or even likelihood of the greater but much more impeded river Leeambye, terminating in like manner 300 miles below Sesheke?

As to Dr. Livingstone's illustration, it is but a rude repetition of his old assumptions. The Thames is one river, containing all its parts, which are well known. The Leeambye and Zambeze are two rivers, 200 miles apart, and the union of which, though assumed, is not known. Dr. Livingstone has seen both rivers, but he has not seen their connexion.

It avails little to prove the identity of rivers with one another, that they have the same name. We have several Avons, all different rivers. I can point out in Africa ten or twelve Lueñas and four Zambezies, allowance being made for variation of the name with change of dialect. Yet Dr. Livingstone thinks it an argument to prove the Leeambye to be the same river as the Zambeze, that their names have the same meaning. An argument so puerile needs no refutation. Respecting the word "Liambai or Leeambye," he informs us that "it means 'the large river,' or the river *par excellence*. Luambéji, Luambesi, Ambézi, Ojimbési and Zambezi, are names applied to it at different parts of its course, and express the native idea of this magnificent stream being the main drain of the country."—p. 208.

The Bunda (Angolan) form of this word, Riambigi, deserves notice, as it belongs to a well-known language. The formative prefix varies in different dialects, and the *g* or *j* becomes liquid and is lost on European ears. Hence we have Riambigi, Liambi, Liambiyi (the true form of Liambai or

Leeambye), Yambé and Yanbengi. To Dr. Livingstone's assertion that this name means River, I cannot hesitate to give a peremptory denial. I fear that in this case he has hazarded a conjecture adapted to his purpose, but for which he cannot offer any justification. Let him state whether the word Zambezi, meaning river, is singular or plural; whether it is a direct or oblique case, and whether the use here made of the particle *zi* is usual in Sichuan. It is certain that the other and parallel forms of the name Riambiyi, Liambiyi, Yambé, &c., are in the possessive case, and are therefore epithets depending on the word River understood. The Bunda word Mbigi or Bigi (written by the missionaries Bič'i) means "fish," but in Congo I-bizi signifies "flesh;" the radical meaning of the word being "animal food in general." The great abundance of game, fish and fowl on or in the river is indicated by the epithet Za-mbize, which may be freely rendered (River) "of Plenty" or Plenty River. The justness of this designation is unwittingly confirmed by Dr. Livingstone. He says of the Leeambye, "Wherever you see the Zambezi in the centre of the country, it is remarkable for the abundance of animal life in and upon its waters, and on the adjacent banks" (p. 261); and of the Zambeze, "I never saw a river with so much animal life around and in it" (p. 573).

I do not mean, in these observations, to deny categorically, that the Leeambye unites with the Zambeze. I do not deny such junction, because it is impossible to prove a negative, but I conceive that Dr. Livingstone, who maintains the affirmative, ought to offer some better proof than the mere repetition of his strong persuasion. When he looked down the Victoria Falls, he saw the last of the Leeambye. This river, broad above, falls into a very narrow cliff, and hurrying to a depth of more than 300 feet below its level at the falls, appears like a white thread before it is lost in the distance. The traveller, while contemplating this scene, was fully and entirely convinced that the river ran off to join the Zambeze, but I think it would be ridiculous to assert that his strong persuasion, early conceived, and, under all circumstances, obstinately persisted in, amounts to a proof of the fact. Now, from the Victoria Falls on the Leeambye he marched some 200 miles over the hills, to the Kafue which led him to the Zambeze, and there he held the same opinion and on the very same grounds of ardent, spontaneous belief. His march procured him no confirmation of his opinion, nor did he seek any; nay, he seems even to have studiously avoided subjecting his favourite theory to a decisive test. Dr. Livingstone, going northwards, crossed the Kafue and then went down the northern bank of the Zambeze, because, he says, he thought Tete was on the northern bank of the river. This explanation comes with a bad grace from one who speaks so authoritatively on questions of geography. But it is also trivial. How could a serious man weigh the advantages of travelling on the same side of the river as Tete, against that of witnessing and surveying that junction of rivers so often taken for granted, and which he pretends to have discovered. To be sure he fixes the junction in his map, giving its latitude and longitude, but he does not inform us how he ascertained so remarkable a point; and Mr. Arrowsmith, justly appreciating the value of these *data*, sets it twenty miles lower down, where it is less in the way. Dr. Livingstone gives us the position of the junction to serve as a covert proof of its existence; he passed within three miles of the assumed junction and never saw it, nor tried to see it. This extreme remissness or reluctance to turn four or five miles aside to get a glimpse of the unknown part of the Zambeze, and for ocular proof of his own discoveries is quite unaccountable in the traveller who surveyed Eastern Africa for a carriage-way, Western Africa for a navigable commercial channel, made a sanitary survey of the eastern and western ridges, and who, while on the Zambeze meditated striding off landward to Mozambique.

The prudent cautiousness which made Dr. Livingstone shun at first the southern side of the river, at a part the close scrutiny of which seemed the principal object of his expedition, guided him with equal felicity lower down, for crossing to the southern bank he left the river just before the rapids so ad-

verse to his theory commence, and so without witnessing them he arrived at Tete, where he resided a month, without ever caring to go a few miles to see the falls at Sacumbe—"A small cataract," he complacently calls them, but every Portuguese historian from Dos Santos down to Xavier Botelho, describes them as a series of rapids interrupting the navigation for twenty leagues.

Thus it appears that Dr. Livingstone never saw in his travels, nor tried to see, the unknown hypothetical Zambeze, which might, with great propriety be called, the "Smoke-Sounds" river. It is true he often alludes to it as present to his mind's eye. The prospect which he enjoyed of the distant mountains beyond—the clouds over—the Zambeze, reminds us of an Irish song descriptive of the scenery of Cork, in which the visible and invisible are pleasantly mingled. Borrowing from this with a slight parody, he might have sung throughout his journey:—

Far off in the East is the river Zambéze,
Which hills intervening prevent you to see.

As Dr. Livingstone did not see, so neither did he hear of the hypothetical or Smoke-Sounds Zambeze. True, he sometimes intimates that his followers knew all about it, and he talks of chiefs who dwell on it, and of the Falls of Kansala. But these details are all vague and equivocal, and evidently unsafe materials in the hands of one who has a theory to fill up. The discerning readers of Dr. Livingstone's volume must be aware how apt he is to draw on his fancy where his better resources fail him. He has no idea how far well-informed sagacity reaches. He thinks the world extremely ignorant, and that a traveller like himself is at liberty to arrange the interior of Africa just as he pleases. Thus, he tells us boldly that canoes can ascend the Leeambye to Kanika and the Cazembe,—a monstrous assertion which, as may be easily shown from his own book, he never heard uttered by the natives. But on his arrival at the Kafue, he frankly informs us that "Sekwebu was the only one of the Makololo who knew anything of the country;" yet Sekwebu does not allude, from first to last, to the Smoke-Sounds branch of the Zambeze. Finally, our author arrives at Tete; is visited by all the gentlemen, white and coloured, of the place, and is astonished at their ignorance. "Not one of them had any idea as to where the source of the Zambesi lay. They sent for the best travelled natives, but none of them knew the river even as far as Kansala. The father of one of the rebels who had been fighting against them had been a great traveller to the south-west, and had even heard of our visit to Lake Ngami; but he was equally ignorant with all the others that the Zambesi flowed in the centre of the country." It may be safely concluded that our traveller learned nothing to his purpose from the Banyaí or other tribes along the river, or he would surely have mentioned it. Was there ever then a more extraordinary example of obstinate delusion? A gentleman no sooner sees the Leeambye than he makes up his mind that it flows into the Zambeze. He travels from the one river to the other, cautiously avoiding, however, the decisive test, and receives not the slightest confirmation of his opinion. He finds the natives, all of them occasionally roving hunters, everywhere ignorant of the wondrous stream, even in a trading settlement to which Muzimbazos, or native agents, who travel far and wide over the country, have been in the habit of resorting for three centuries. Yet all this negative evidence serves only to confirm him in his belief, and returning to Europe he announces that he has discovered the sources of the great Zambeze on the western side of the continent. The very experience that would have raised doubts in the mind of a cool-headed, candid inquirer, only make him cling more resolutely to his great idea, and perhaps he is not much unlike the rest of the world, which really finds pleasure in a little delusion, and so believes him.

We are informed by Sekwebu, the only native who knew the country, that the Kafue is navigable down to the Zambeze, but the point where the Kafue was crossed was found to have the same absolute elevation as Linyante, on the Chobe, (2,800 feet); and the supposed junction of the southern

and northern rivers is distant from that point sixteen geographical miles in a straight line (the map here misrepresents the author). The fall of the Kafue then, in sixteen miles navigable throughout, is equal to the fall from Linyante (600 miles), or, at a moderate estimate, 1,000 feet, including 400 feet for the Victoria Falls and Kansala! How is this to be explained? We must suppose that the great river—"the river *par excellence*,"—descending from the Western Highlands and filling all the cavities in the plains, again ascends the Eastern Highlands. This, to be sure, would be a very extraordinary course, but the river is no common river, and cannot be supposed subject to the vulgar laws of physics. What better proof can we have of this than the fact, that it falls from the ferry of the Kafue to the sea, a distance of 700 miles at an average rate of four feet a mile, or to the commencement of the alluvial plains near Sema, at the rate of six feet a mile, and yet is throughout, according to Dr. Livingstone, a navigable stream, with the exception of "a small cataract," only twenty leagues in length, above Tete.

Surely Dr. Livingstone, or the Royal Geographical Society, cannot refuse their aid in clearing up a reasonable doubt on a subject involving credit. Is there then any solid evidence,—is there any evidence at all,—that the Leeambye joins the Zambeze, besides the circumstance that Dr. Livingstone hails that belief, and constantly palms his belief on his indulgent readers as an ascertained fact?

W. D. COOLEY.

ROMANCE OF THE STOLEN PICTURES.

VARIOUS rumours and suggestions as to the whereabouts of the pictures stolen from Lord Suffolk's country residence were set at rest a few days ago by the Police-Court intelligence that they were all recovered. The thief, who had formerly been valet to Lord Suffolk, and therefore knew every inch of the mansion at Charlton Park, was brought before the magistrate at Westminster. The advertisement which appeared in the newspapers of October, 1856, will best recapitulate the circumstances and extent of the robbery.—"Stolen, on the night of Friday the 10th inst., from Charlton Park, Wiltshire, the residence of the Earl of Suffolk, the following pictures without frames:—1, 'Virgin and Child,' by Leonardo da Vinci; 2, A Landscape, by Gaspar Poussin; 3, ditto, ditto; 4, 'Virgin and Child,' by Procaccini; 5, 'Le Raboteur,' by Annibale Carracci; 6, 'Head of Our Saviour,' by Guido; 7, 'The Nativity,' by ditto; 8, Sea-piece, by Vandervelde; 9, Interior of a Dutch Town, by Van der Heyden; 10, 'Tivoli,' by Poussin." The detective police soon perceived that the thief knew the premises beforehand; it was evident that he had taken the frames from the walls, and having extracted the pictures had rehung them with polite consideration, leaving everything in the dining-room in complete order, except one of his tools and a piece of string on a chair. He had entered by the park lodge, but decamped over the wall. The housemaids on entering the room in the morning perceived nothing unusual; but Lady Suffolk on coming down to breakfast instantly gave the alarm.

Meanwhile, a man was making his way along the high-road, with two paper parcels slung before and behind. He narrowly escaped detection at an inn, where in reply to the landlord's question he had stated that his parcels contained pictures, and the landlord felt sorely tempted to peep at them during the temporary absence of the man. After hiring a gig to convey him to Swindon station, the thief entered the London train and was lost sight of. All this happened before a quarter past nine the same morning. It was soon after confidently stated that the pictures were being sold in Holland, then in Germany, and many times in America. Once, indeed, a man with a corresponding number of pictures, for which he could render no satisfactory account, was actually apprehended at New York, and intelligence conveyed to the Suffolk family. Notwithstanding these rumours, the pictures seem to have been all the while concealed in London, some at the thief's own house, and the rest in the War Office, where the prisoner, whose name has not been correctly stated, held a good

appointment as messenger—which post, we hear, was not procured for him, as stated in the newspapers, by Lord Suffolk. The large reward of £1,000 offered by Lady Suffolk for the discovery of the property or information respecting the thief had the desired effect. A picture-dealer of Pimlico announced that he had bought two pictures corresponding with the descriptions given, and they proved to be the Da Vinci and a Poussin landscape which stand first in the advertisement enumeration. The culprit was immediately secured; and he at once disclosed where the remainder had been stowed away. Some were sunk behind tall presses, or book-shelves, at the War Office, with strings attached to them for the purpose of drawing them out when requisite. Lord Suffolk's collection has obtained especial notoriety from the high praise which Dr. Waagen bestowed upon a picture at Charlton, known as 'La Vierge aux Rochers,' by Leonardo da Vinci. It was exhibited at the British Institution in the memorable year 1851, and then excited great attention, together with another picture, also Lord Suffolk's, by Annibale Carracci, called 'Le Raboteur.' The latter was decidedly the most popular. It came from the Orleans Collection, and was remarkable for its grace, finish, and the exquisite richness of the colouring. Joseph as the carpenter, with the plane, forms a prominent feature in the scene. The infant Christ stands at the bench measuring the wood, in illustration of one of the strange old legends, whilst the Virgin—a lovely, simple figure—sits apart sewing. This attractive picture, oddly enough, was entirely passed over by Dr. Waagen in his late and much-talked-of work upon our Picture Galleries, &c.

Much has been said during the past week respecting the verdicts given, by two experienced judges in Art, upon the stolen Da Vinci, which the Pimlico dealer had offered them for sale before their connexion with the missing series was even suspected. Both connoisseurs not only declined the purchase, but disavowed the picture as the work of Leonardo. Hereupon numerous remarks have been made, contrasting the enthusiastic admiration of Drs. Waagen and Passavant, Sir Charles Eastlake, and Mr. Murray, who visited Charlton together (the visit is recorded by Waagen himself), with the indifference shown to the same picture when transferred into another atmosphere. But the picture is not the same. The one—"La Vierge aux Rochers"—admired by these gentlemen was never stolen. Being painted on cumbersome panel, it puzzled the thief, and he left it. Lord Suffolk possessed a second picture which he called Da Vinci. This is the one really in question, and was stolen. It was also exhibited at the Institution in 1851,—and that its merits are truly of an equivocal nature will be seen by a reference to the *Athenæum* of that year [No. 1233].

The remaining eight are none of them either of noted rarity or especial excellence. But the Van der Heyden, 'The Adoration of the Shepherds,' and the 'Tivoli,' with the Flight into Egypt in the foreground, are spoken of in high terms by Dr. Waagen; and it is a matter of congratulation that all these treasures have been recovered with no greater harm than a little severe cleaning upon the two which went to the dealer. In these days, pictures, of the genuineness of the greater part of the ten, fall fast enough through the trap-doors of oblivion and wanton destruction; and we feel sure that all the Art-loving public will joyfully hail the present rescue. The pictures are all in Lord Suffolk's hands again,—and the ungrateful, but supremely stupid thief has been removed, to wait his trial at Malmesbury, in Wiltshire,—the nearest locality to the scene of his misdemeanour.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

National Gallery and British Museum are both in the hands of surveyors, architects, and estimators. Prof. Owen wants more room in Great Russell Street. Ditto Dr. Gray. Sir Charles Eastlake, rich in umbrage Florentine pictures, cries for more space—more space—in Trafalgar Square—or elsewhere. So Mr. Smirke has gone to work. Buy me the houses in Montague Place—buy me

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the mansions in Russell Square—and here are plans for new galleries and new frontages—lapping round the sides of the old museum. Mr. Hunt falls upon the rear of the National Gallery. Throw me down these baths, cleanse away these work-houses, drive off these foot guards, and give me room, money, (only half a million!) and you shall see, what you shall see. The Trustees of the British Museum fall before Mr. Smirke, do his bidding, and appeal to Lord Palmerston. Mr. Hunt reports direct to the Treasury. Lord Palmerston must decide. Now, the two proposals mean this and no more—spend one million pounds sterling or thereabouts on a makeshift. Twenty years hence the cry will rise again—more room—more light—more air! The cry will rise, and it will be heard; for the need lies in the nature of things, and every day of public cultivation strengthens the voices of those who wish even now to classify the national treasures on a scientific basis. Years hence, if not now, the Museum must be given up to the Library—the National Gallery, wherever located, must contain our art—and the treasures of Natural History and Antiquities must go to their departments. Then, why waste another million in botching the old and intractable system?

A privately-printed volume has been circulated among the friends of the late Sir William Molesworth, being a collection of the testimonials, biographical notices, and political tributes paid to that distinguished man on the occasion of his death. Failing a collection of his essays (his speeches were essays), a memorial suggestive more than this could not be easily found. The regret is universal—the voices arise from every corner of the world—from every section of political thinkers,—and the result is an impression of his probity, simplicity, accomplishment and variety, such as possibly might have been less perfectly produced by any panegyric or record executed by a single hand. Here, too, we may say that the stately and solid tomb-house of Cornish granite, raised by his relict over Sir William Molesworth's remains in the Kensal Green Cemetery, has been completed: like the book, a tribute simple in form, but substantial, characteristic, and likely to last after many a composition of weeping willow and urn shall have crumbled into their befitting nothingness over the forgotten dust of those whom they represent.—He expressed a wish, we know, "that the sun might shine on his grave," and it does so, though through the inexorable grate which tells that the Dead, though not forgotten, are no longer with those who, as Herrick sings,—

loved their companion.

Mr. Oxenford writes:—

"16, John Street, Bedford Row, Feb. 6.

"As some importance is apparently attached to the discovery of a 'Fragment on Prophecy' in the handwriting of Shelley, I take the liberty of stating that the passage quoted in your review [Athenæum, No. 1580] of Mr. Middleton's recent book is simply a loose translation from the first chapter ('De Prophetia') of the 'Tractatus Theologico-Politicus' of Spinoza. The original Latin is as follows:—'Preter hec media, nulla alia quibus Deus se hominibus communicaverit, in Sacris Litteris resperio, adeoque ut supra ostendimus, nulla alia fingenda, neque admittenda. Et quamvis clare intelligamus, Deum posse immediate se hominibus communicare; nam nullus medius corporeis adhibitis, menti nostrae suam communiciat; attamen ut homo aliquis sola mente aliqua perciperet que in primis nostre cognitionis fundamentis non contineatur, nec ab illis deduci possunt, ejus mens prestantior necessario atque humana longe excellentior esse debetur. Quare non credo ullum alium ad tantam perfectionem supra alios pervenisse, prater Christum, cui Dei placita, que homines ad salutem dicunt, sine verbis aut visionibus, sed immediate revelata sunt: adeo ut Deus per mentem Christi esse Apostolis manifestaverit, ut olim Mosi, mediante voca aëria.' And so on to the end, as any one will find who refers to the pages of old Benedict.

While on the subject of Shelley, I may take the opportunity of assigning to its proper author the story of Ahasuerus, which is inserted in the notes to 'Queen Mab,' and of which the poet says:—'This fragment is the translation of part of some German work, whose title I have vainly endeav-

oured to discover. I picked it up, dirty and torn, some years ago, in Lincoln's Inn Fields.' The German work is a 'lyrical rhapsody,' written by the poet Schubart (whom Schiller visited in prison), and entitled 'Der ewige Jude.' As it is in my possession, I shall be happy to furnish a copy of it to any labourer in the field of Shelley literature to whom it may be useful.

"I am, &c., J. OXENFORD."

A paragraph has been running the round of the newspapers that the first number of an illustrated newspaper in Arabic has appeared at Beyrouth. We have seen the second number of this paper, but it is not otherwise illustrated than that it has a rather handsome woodcut border. The news is divided into "domestic" and "foreign." Under the latter head there is intelligence from England, India, and China; that from England including a translation of the Queen's speech on the opening of Parliament. Some difficulty has apparently been experienced in filling up the four double-columned folio pages of which it consists, for part of the last leaf is occupied with a sort of *feuilleton* of a history of the Seljute Sultans,—a less extraordinary expedient at all events than that of one of the English country newspapers of the last century, which, on a similar occasion, used to present its readers with a chapter of the Bible. The paper and typography of the new Beyrouth journal are a great improvement on those of the Arabic newspapers which we have seen printed at Boulak.

An official statement, published this year by the United States Government, gives the following statistics of Mormonism:—The Mormons have about ninety-five missionaries in Europe, and an equal number in Asia, Africa, and the Pacific Islands, besides large numbers of native elders in the various fields of labour, and a considerable number scattered throughout the United States and British America. They have one newspaper in Salt Lake City, issuing 4,000 copies weekly; one in Liverpool issuing 22,000 weekly; one in Swansea, South Wales; one in Copenhagen, in the Danish language; one in Australia; one in India; and one in Switzerland, in the French language. The Book of Mormon has been translated and published in the Welsh, Danish, French, German, and Italian languages. The Mormons claim 480,000 members of their church scattered over the world.

A Correspondent, who calls himself our Constant Reader, suggests that many persons are in the habit of throwing away weekly periodicals because they have no room to keep the volumes which accumulate. And yet there are many things which they would like to preserve. Such persons, says our Correspondent, should do as he does: that is, cut out from time to time the leaves which they desire to preserve, and lay them by in order. At the end of the year the index should be prefixed to this lot of selected leaves: this index, it is obvious enough, will give power of reference to the selections just as well as if the rejected leaves had been in their places.

When the yearly excerpts amount to a sufficient quantity, they may all be bound together, the index being always at the head of each year's contingent. And in this manner the *servanda* of several years will form but one volume. The great difficulty in the way is the repugnance which many persons feel to cutting up a new periodical, though they know that when it becomes old they will throw it away without mercy. This feeling is analogous to that which hinders many persons from buying a ball of string: they have a prejudice that it is not lawful for private individuals to tie up parcels with string cut from a ball. And as to brown packing paper, there are few persons indeed out of trade who can lay their hands on their hearts and say they have ever bought a quire for themselves.

The following note on a portrait of Dr. Johnson claims attention:—

"St. Agnes, Cornwall, Feb. 6.

"On reading your critique on last November's exhibition of copies at the British Institution, which I did for the first time yesterday, I was surprised to find that Dr. Johnson's portrait, left there for study, was spoken of as a Gainsborough (it being, I presume, so entered in the Catalogue), whereas it was undoubtedly painted by Opie. I

trust the following remarks will prove my case, at least to the satisfaction of your artist readers:—

1. This picture was for very many years in the possession of the St. Aubyn family, by whom it was always esteemed as an Opie, the late Sir John St. Aubyn having been a warm patron of that artist. 2. In Mrs. Opie's memoir of her husband, it is related that he had twice the pleasure of painting Dr. Johnson's portrait.—3. There is no account of Dr. Johnson ever having sat to Gainsborough, and had he done so it would not have escaped the notice of his numerous biographers. But what I deem the most conclusive point in my favour is the well-known print, with Opie's name affixed, taken for the folio dictionary. This print was engraved, if I do not greatly err, shortly after Dr. Johnson's death, and during the lifetime of Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is not probable that such a mistake could have been made at that period, and had it been made Opie himself would have been the first to correct it. Knowing the picture well, it must be acknowledged that the style of it is very like that of Gainsborough, but this was not uncommon in Opie's early works. There is a portrait of Dean Owen by Opie, the property of Mr. Beardmore, the engineer, still more like Gainsborough than this. As everything relating to Dr. Johnson must be interesting to the public, I trust you will give this letter a place in your columns.

"I am, &c., E. OPIE, Jun."

In 1853, the Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, offered its prize Beaujour, of 10,000 francs, for the best 'Manual of Moral and Political Sciences, for the use of the Working Classes.' Among thirty-four manuscripts sent to the Academy, that of M. Rapet has now won the prize. It has just been published by M. Gilliaumin, of Paris.

The Museum of Angers, containing a large collection of works by the late sculptor David, has now received the plaster models of David's pediment of the Pantheon at Paris. They arrived the other day, safe and sound, in twenty-five large cases.

The city of Havre has purchased, for the apartments of the Emperor in the new Hôtel-de-Ville, a series of pictures, once adorning the Castle of Luciennes, and painted for the rooms of Madame Dubarry. One of them, authenticated as an original painting of Boucher, represents the Birth of Venus. The Goddess of Beauty, rising from the waves, bears a striking resemblance to Dubarry. The other pictures (painted by Natoire under the superintendence of Boucher) represent the Judgment of Paris, the Death of Adonis, and Bacchus comforting Ariadne.

Alexander the Great—who but M. Dumas the elder?—has again been taken into court by M. Maquet, the foreman in that wonderful novel and play factory, the products of which have fascinated Europe. As frequently happens in compacts of this quality, after willing acquiescence, punctual payment, and such pay being expended by such foreman, comes the moment when the latter (formerly a willing coadjutor) assumes an attitude *a kimbo*, cries aloud, threatens exposure, protests against ungenerous usage, sues, and by that magisterial good sense which holds a man to the consequences of his own acts and agreements, is worsted. We are no flatterers of M. Dumas—no admirers of his manner of working—but there is a disloyalty in proceedings like those of M. Maquet, akin to what may be found in the accusations and extortions of discarded servants, content till the moment of severance, to cringe, submit, and enjoy. This it is particularly repulsive to meet in the annals of literary connexion and good fellowship.

M. Chapsal, author of the well-known French Grammar of Noël and Chapsal, died on the 27th of January, at the Castle of Polangis, of which he was the proprietor. M. Chapsal was Mairé of Joinville-le-Pont, member of the Council of the Arrondissement de Sceaux, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

By order of the Austrian Minister of Public Instruction, the first two volumes of a work have appeared at Vienna, which is to contain a series of photographic reproductions of important old documents, in various languages, from all the record offices of the Austrian monarchy. The

work is entitled 'Monumenta Graphica Medii Aevi,' and appears under the editorship of Prof. Sickel.

Myneher Temminck, Director of the Museum of Natural History, at Leyden, and author of one of the best works on Netherlands-India, has died at the advanced age of eighty.

Prof. Edward Boecking, of the University of Bonn, the learned Editor of the 'Collected Works of August Wilhelm Schlegel,' is preparing a new critical edition of the complete writings of Ulrich von Hutten. The first volume will appear at Easter.

The Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg has offered a prize of 500 ducats for the best essay, historical and statistical, 'On the Abolition of Serfdom in the various Countries of Europe.' The question is mostly to be considered from the economical, but also from the political and social point of view. Competitors have to send in their manuscripts on or before the 1st (13th) of March, 1860.

Our review of Otto Ludwig Heubner's 'English Poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, with a German Translation' [Athen. No. 1557], has been the cause of a press lawsuit before a German Court of Justice. Herr Fritzsche, editor of the *Dresdener Volkszeitung*, had noticed our article in a recent number of his paper, quoting at the same time the following passage from it:—"It is pleasant to see the English Muse visiting the prisons. It is one of her noblest missions. She is the Muse of the Free, and it befits her to bring consolation to those who bear chains for Liberty's sake." Herr Fritzsche, for having published to his readers these dangerous words, has been sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment. *Von Rechtssegen!*

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION AND SALE OF WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. *GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.*

DELHI NOW OPEN, at BURFORD'S PANORAMA, Leicester Square. Open from 10 till dusk. Admission, 1s.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, NAPLES, POMPEII, AND VESUVIUS, EVERY NIGHT (except Saturday) at 8s. and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoons at 3s.—Places can be secured at the Box Office, Egyptian Hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

THE SOMNAMBULE, ADOLPHE DIDIER, gives his MAGNETIC SEANCES and CONSULTATIONS for Acute and Chronic Diseases, every Evening at 8s., and on all subjects of interest, EVERY DAY, from 1 till 4, 19, Upper Albany Street, Regent's Park. Consultation by Letter.

PROF. WILJALBA FRIKELL—ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS at Three, and every Evening at Eight—Salles, 5s. Boxes, 10s. Boxes, 2s. Pit, 2s. Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes, Two Guineas, One Guinea-and-a-half, and One Guinea. Places to be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.—ON MONDAY, Professor FRIKELL will perform several NEW TRICKS, being the One Hundredth Performance.

DR. KAHN'S MUSEUM and GALLERY of SCIENCE, 3, Tichborne-street, Haymarket.—Programme for FEBRUARY:—Lectures by Dr. Kahn on the Philosophy of Marriage; a Course of Lectures on the Human Voice; Dr. Serton, on the Chemistry of Respiration, at a Quarter past One; on Skin Diseases at Four; on the Hair and Beard at Five; and on the Relations of Electricity at Nine. The Lectures Illustrated with brilliant Diagrams. New Room in a new building, 4c. Open, for Gentlemen only, from 12 till 4, and from 7 till 10. Admission, 1s. Illustrated Hand-book, 6d. Programme Gratis. Dr. Kahn's Nine Lectures and a Programme sent post free on the receipt of Twelve stamps.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—Feb. 4.—Lord Wrottesley, President, in the chair.—A certificate was presented in favour of John Lubbock, Esq.—The following papers were read:—'On the Daily Fall of the Barometer at Toronto,' by T. Hopkins, Esq.;—'Researches on the Poison Apparatus in the Actinæadæ,' by P. H. Gosse, Esq.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Feb. 8.—Sir R. I. Murchison, President, in the chair.—Mr. T. Brown, F. D. Goldsmid, Lieut. J. A. Napier Hewett, Mr. G. Seymour, and the Rev. A. W. Thorold were elected Fellows.—The papers read were:—'Journey from Little Namaqualand eastward along the Orange River, the Northern Frontier of the Colony, &c.,' with map, by Mr. R. Moffatt;—'Route by the Rivers Waini, Barana, and Cuyuni, to the Gold Fields of Caratal, &c.,' by Sir W. H. Holmes and Mr. W. H. Campbell;—'Preparations for the Departure of the Livingstone Expedition.'—The chair-

man having read a memorandum agreed to by the Council that day, noticing the great achievements and merits of Dr. Livingstone, reminded the meeting that this was the last occasion they would have of meeting him in that room, it had been resolved, therefore, to give Dr. Livingstone a dinner prior to his departure, which would be held at the Free-masons' Tavern, on Saturday next, at half-past six. **SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.**—Feb. 4.—J. Hunter, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. H. E. Hoole, Mr. T. Lewis, and the Rev. J. Kenrick were elected Fellows.—Mr. J. T. Akerman exhibited rubbings of monumental brasses in memory of the Wenman and Fettiplace families.—A bronze sword and a celt found in the Thames were exhibited by Mr. Franks.—The Rev. H. M. Scarth communicated remarks on some sculptured monuments in Langridge Church.—Mr. B. B. Woodward read extracts from the churchwarden's accounts of the parish of St. Mary's, Bungay, in the seventeenth century.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—Feb. 3.—The Bishop of St. David's, President, in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read part of a paper by Dr. Hermann, communicated by Dr. S. Colquhoun, 'On the Eventful Life of Gustavus III. of Sweden,' in which the author traced, with considerable skill, the course of events which led to the assassination of that monarch. The paper will be continued at a future meeting.—Mr. Vaux called the attention of the meeting to a paper, recently read by M. de Sauley, in which he imputed to the members of the Society gross ignorance of ancient history, in confounding together the two Queens of Halicarnassus, who were each named Artemisia, but who lived at intervals of more than one hundred years. Mr. Vaux stated that no such error had been made in the paper alluded to: to the younger Artemisia was rightly attributed the building of the mausoleum in honour of her deceased husband Mausolus; but it was at the same time remarked, that an alabaster vase, with the name of Xerxes in cuneiform characters, which was found by Mr. Newton among the débris of the mausoleum, might not impossible have been the gift of the Persian monarch to the elder Artemisia, who had fought successfully on his side at the Battle of Salamis.

CHEMICAL.—Jan. 21.—Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., President, in the chair.—Messrs. A. Neild, D. Hanbury, and R. Rumney were elected Fellows. Dr. Daubeny read a communication he had received from Baron Liebig, relating to the Absorbent Powers of Soils. Baron Liebig maintained that the spongiotiles of plants, in obtaining their supply of saline matter, did not act by simple absorption, but exerted a real decomposing action upon certain ill-defined compounds which the saline matter formed with the insoluble constituents of the soil. Dr. Daubeny also referred to the ammoniacal emanations from volcanoes, and suggested that they might arise from the aqueous decomposition of certain nitrides, such as the nitride of boron and the nitride of titanium.—Dr. Hofmann, for himself, and Dr. Frankland, for Prof. Von Babo, respectively exhibited and described two new forms of gas combustion-furnace.—Dr. Gladstone read a paper 'On the Chemical Action of Water on Soluble Salts.' The author showed that, when the concentrated solution of a coloured salt was diluted with varying quantities of water, the absolute quantity and character of the colour were not usually interfered with, but that remarkable exceptions occurred, particularly in the bromides of the ferro-cupric class of elements.

PHILOLOGICAL.—Jan. 7.—Prof. Goldstucker in the chair.—The Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the Rev. S. Clark, B. B. Woodward, Esq., and H. D. Woodfall, Esq. were elected Members.—On the motion of Mr. Furnivall, the Society resolved, "That a new English Dictionary be prepared under the authority of the Philological Society,"—and "That the work be placed in the hands of two Committees: the one, Literary and Historical, consisting of the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster, F. J. Furnivall, Esq., and Herbert Coleridge, Esq. (Sec.); the other, Etymological, consisting of H. Wedgwood, Esq., Prof. Malden, and

others."—The paper read was 'On English Etymologies,' by H. Wedgwood, Esq.

Jan. 21.—The Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster in the chair.—J. M. Norman, Esq. and F. Pulsky, Esq. were elected Members.—The paper read was 'On the Indefinite Article and its Family,' by Prof. Goldstucker.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Feb. 9.—J. Locke, Esq., President, in the chair.—The discussion upon Mr. Henderson's paper 'On the Methods generally employed in Cornwall, in dressing Tin and Copper Ores,' was continued throughout the evening.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Feb. 5.—The Right Hon. Lord Wensleydale in the chair.—'On the Drinking Waters of the Metropolis,' by E. Lankester, M.D.—The object of this discourse was to point out the nature and extent of the contaminations of water used for the purposes of drinking in London and its neighbourhood. The speaker pointed out, in the first place, the uses of water in the organic kingdom. It forms on an average four-fifths of the bulk of animals and plants. By it the solid organizing parts of animals and plants were carried into the system, and through the agency of water the principal functions of animals and plants were carried on. The great source of water for organic life was the ocean which, being carried into the atmosphere, was condensed and fell on the earth in the form of snow, rain and dews. Collecting on the earth it formed rivers and springs, from whence man drew his supplies for drinking purposes. All waters contained, more or less, two sets of constituents, *inorganic* and *organic*. The principal inorganic substances found in the drinking waters of London were as follows:—1. *Carbonate of lime* or chalk. This rendered the waters hard, and was held in solution by carbonic acid. It could be removed by the addition of lime, a process invented by Dr. Clark, and carried on most successfully on a large scale at Plumstead. This process not only softened the water, but carried down the organic matters. This process might be applied with advantage to Thames water.—2. *Sulphate of Lime.* This salt is decomposed by organic matters, and gives off sulphuretted hydrogen. It is a frequent cause of the impurity of London waters.—3. *Chloride of Sodium* (common salt). It existed in small quantities in the Thames, but in large quantities in the deep and surface wells. In the surface wells it was the result of the débris and the refuse of houses.—4. *Ammonia.* This was found in the Thames and the surface wells of London. It occurred as the result of the decomposition of animal matter. The surface wells in London were described as from ten to thirty feet in depth, and as penetrating only the gravel lying above the clay, and thus receiving all the percolated filth of the metropolis.—5. *Nitrates.* These salts are the result of the oxidation of ammonia, and are found in large quantities in some surface wells.—The *organic* matters were then described. They are both dead and living. They are better discovered by the microscope than by chemical reagents. When fresh and living they are not injurious, but when in a decomposing condition they produce disease. Numerous instances were quoted where water charged with organic impurities had produced disease. Waters charged with organic matter had been shown by Noad and Medlock to act on lead, and thus to introduce this poison into the system. Dr. Medlock believed that all lead was taken up in water by the formation of soluble nitrates of lead. It was shown, however, that lead was dissolved in carefully melted ice water which contained no organic impurity, although it was not dissolved in water carefully redistilled in contact with caustic potash. The living organisms of water were shown to be both plants and animals. Some plants and animals live amongst decomposing animal and vegetable matters. These were shown to be present both in the Thames and surface well waters. The eggs of higher forms of animals, some of which were inhabitants of the human body, were present in those waters.—As a means of purifying Thames water the various methods of filtration were examined. It was shown that iron in contact with water, according to Dr. Medlock's experiments,

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was a great purifier of water. The following conclusions were arrived at:—1. Uncontaminated water is necessary for the health of man.—2. Impure waters have been known to produce extensive disease.—3. The Thames water as now supplied is improved, but is still impure from the refuse of towns passing into it, and requires filtering, or what is better boiling and filtering before it is used.—4. The surface well waters of London are altogether objectionable, as they give evidence of impurity in containing: 1. Carbonic acid in large quantities; 2. Chloride of sodium; 3. Ammonia; 4. Nitrates; 5. Living and dead organic matter.—5. Artesian or deep well waters are generally free from organic matters.—6. The chalk in the neighbourhood of London contains less saline matter than the deep wells directly under London.—7. Storing waters in lead cisterns is objectionable, as all natural waters are found occasionally to act on lead.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Feb. 10.—W. Fairbairn, Esq., in the chair.—The following gentlemen were duly elected Members:—Rev. W. Aworth, Messrs. H. Austin, J. Brunlees, C.E., T. Little, F. P. Seiquer, and W. Watton.—The paper read was, 'On the Application of Steam Power to the Cultivation of the Soil,' by Mr. J. A. Clarke.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Royal Academy, 8.—'Sculpture,' by Prof. Westmacott.
Tues. Royal Society of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On Recording Telegraphic Cables,' by Mr. Landseer and Mr. Broome.
— Statistical, 8.—'On the History of Prices in 1857,' by Mr. Newmark.
— Royal Institution, 3.—'Animals and Plants compared Physiologically,' by Prof. Huxley.
Wed. Society of Arts, 8.—'On Recent Scientific Discoveries as applied to Art and Manufactures,' by Prof. Calvert.
Thurs. Royal Academy, 8.—'Painting,' by Prof. Hart.
— Linnean, 8.—'On the Arrangement of the Cutaneous Nerves of the Larva of Pyralis, &c.,' by Mr. Lubbock.
— Geological, 8.—'On the Possible Metamorphosis of Pelecypoda and other Genera of Gasteropoda,' by Mr. Macdonald.—'On the Anatomy of Eurybia,' by Mr. Macdonald.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.
— Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Functions of the Typanum,' by Mr. Jago.—'Remarks on the Interior Melting of Ice,' by Prof. Thomson.
— Philological, 8.
— Royal Institution, 3.—'On Heat,' by Prof. Tyndall.
— Royal Institution, 8.—'On Atomic Weights,' by Mr. Mervet.
Fri. Geological, 1.—'Anuary.'
— Royal Institution, 8.—'On some of the Improvements in Locks since 1851,' by Mr. Denison.
— Asiatic, 8.—'On the Asiatic Elements of the Uragian and Kalervala,' by Dr. Nathan.
Sat. Royal Institution, 8.—'On the Chemistry of the Elements which circulate in Nature,' by Prof. Bioxam.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE Pall Mall rooms, usually a dreadful assemblage of what men on 'Change call "lame ducks,"' has this year actually to boast of several "lions." The Exhibition, in fact, is not merely above the average, which would not be saying much, but is a good one,—not that we look upon the fullness of this spring crop as any special sign of the richness of later harvests. If there is only so much water in a tank one cannot make more of it by tilting it deep at one end.

First of all comes the veteran, Sir E. Landseer, with his *Extract from my Journal while at Abbotsford* (No. 4),—as to colour of course rather a grey diagram; but as to truth, feeling, touch, and expression, a miracle to dogs and men. True, if we look smellingly close we find the touch a little coarse and slow, and the execution rather an implication than accomplishment,—but still the drawing is so fine and clear, and the painting so finely blocked out and so thoroughly and instinctively sure and "knowing," that we care not to do anything but to gaze and to admire. Before Landseer, as before Adam, the animal kingdom has passed in a long procession, and received its names and titles. The extract from the Diary is worth quoting:—

"Found the great poet in his study, laughing at a colley puppy playing with Maida, his favourite old deer-hound, given him by Glengary, and quoting Shakespeare, 'Crabb'd age and youth cannot live together.' On the floor was a cover of a proof-sheet, seen for correction by Constable, of the novel then in progress. N.B. This took place before he was the acknowledged author of the Waverley Novels."

Apart from Scott and romance, all the hasty public will care to see is, that here is an old deer-hound, bear-eyed, shambling, and almost imbecile, looking with a sort of inane benevolence worthy of Shallow on a colley puppy that perseveringly nibbles at his senior's tail. Landseer, who never

forgets any animal combination, has probably borne this scene in mind for years, and now reproduces it with his own unerring truth: the debility and semiility on the one side—playful petulance and vigour on the other. The finest bit of painting is not so much the staring and hungry black and grey hair of Maida, as the velvety, red-brown flush on the colley's back. The spear above the head of Maida indicates Abbotsford's "warp of auld nicknacks," and the red cushion tells for colour and warmth, which is generally wanted in Sir Edwin's pictures. There is an autumnal tinge about these pictures, but then it is such an autumn! His other work is Burns's *Twa Dogs* (28), not perhaps so interesting, but even more full of character, dramatic contrast, and an expression almost too human. The one is Caesar, the laird's dog, with

His lockit, letter'd braw brass collar,
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.

The other, the ploughman's collie, the rough, hearty, lean plebeian, "just and faithful," with the honest face that always won him friends. Now, considering that the dogs are merely conversing about the dog-days and other canine gossip, the strain and earnestness of the collie's reddened eyes seem almost unnecessarily intense. Now if Snyders may be coarser, robuster, and more violent, he certainly could never have given a dog such a generous nobility as Caesar wears, such a frank, knightly candour, such a warm-hearted gentlehood and dignity,—though he might have caught something of the wiry collie's keen, ready shrewdness and sagacity, its staunch fidelity and homely virtues. The broad flakes of grey, the flicks of muri black, and the pale pink tongue, so much deader in colour than tongues usually are, are eminently characteristic of Sir Edwin's manner, and of his excellencies and defects. There never was a sweeping defiance of finish that caused so little regret at its absence.

Mr. J. Gilbert's two great points are facility and colour, his two great defects haste and self-confidence. His *Rubens and Young Teniers* (167) is a picture of great talent and merit, damned by one foul blot of careless and hasty inaccuracy: a defect in drawing, too, from a man who draws usually with a grace, ease, and knowledge more than academic. Rubens has just sat down at the easel to give a lesson to his future pupil, young Teniers, who, with all the eager enthusiasm and veneration of fifteen, leans over his chair-back watching the motions of the divine brush, while with his left hand he motions back a wandering girl who is coming with wine and fruits. The ruddy brown of the great painter's manly cavalier face, with its crusty beard and mustachios, his broad hat, his ruffled black suit, contrast with the surrounding yellow. The studio appurtenances of bottles of cobalt and chrome, its canvas patched with dabs of colours, its gaily dressed attendants, its Dutch scene through the window, are worthy of Mr. Gilbert's happiest hours, both for brightness, vivacity, variety, abundance and imagination; but (here comes the big blot) Rubens, the very key-note of the picture, is out of all drawing: he is a broad-shouldered dwarf, an impossibility with a fin for an arm. Nothing but repainting can ever render this (we regret to say it) a bearable picture. Five minutes in the first day's drawing would have remedied this. Now, not five-and-twenty years of dabbling and retouching would remedy this foul spot, which is painfully characteristic of the present state of the artist's mind, impetuously persevering, but not patient. We have Tintorettoes enough hasty and clever, but no Titanettes slow and steadfast.

Mr. F. Goodall's *The Campbells are Coming, Lucknow* (70), is surprisingly clever, though, we believe, executed in comparatively speaking, a few days,—to such perfection has Art-manufacture and the trick of glib manipulation and glib thinking come to among us. This is a bold subject, with not a Scotch element or a high cheek-bone in it; consequently we conclude the name is a stage-trick, and the sketch of an event that never occurred at Lucknow, though it did, we believe, at Jeallabad. The picture, in fact, is a pleasant, unfeeling, clever costume trick, very sketchy and very flimsy. As to the price attached in the Catalogue, we dare not venture a remark, but we think Harlequin once said to somebody, "There is no fool like the rich

fool." The *dramatis personæ* are a tall stern officer in a white sun-helmet, in red coat, sash, and splashed boots, some anxious soldiers looking over the ramparts for the Highlanders, a friendly Hindoo gunner, an English mother and child, a broken shell, a green mortar, a canon, and a glossy-eyed English girl not over-dressed, who screaming affirms what everybody knows, that "Here's help at last!" The painting, we need not say, is smart, neat, and gentlemanly, but wanting in force and strength. There was indescribable pathos in the incident of the Afghan war, when the Highland pipers relieved the friends who raised the siege with, "Eh! but ye've been lang o' coming;" but this is only gesticulation and clever clap-trap unworthy of so promising an artist, who is successful enough to be able to resist such appeals to popular feeling.

Of Mr. Lance we are sorry to report bad news. He gets dull and mechanical—trusting to old and certain effects, which require in him no thought, without which even gold vases and bunches of grapes cannot be painted to please the thoughtful. That well-known old Turkey carpet is not so firmly corded as it used to be; its reds and blues are fogger and dimmer. The grapes are a little foxy, and a vapour of brimstone pervades the picture. The peacock wants majesty and half-tones; at present he is a concrete, not of living sapphire and emerald, but a curious construction of curling wire. In fact for priority and freshness we must prefer Mr. Duffield's *Fruit* (323). It is less crowded, better composed and sweeter; more original and less spotty in colour. The bloom on the plums, the clear polish of the yellow rind of the fruit, are, in their way, perfect, though less piled up and gorgeous than Mr. Lance's. A cream-coloured dove-wing sort of tone generally pervades Mr. Duffield's works.

It is a melancholy thing that allegory seems to require to be painted with decomposed colours, else it ceases to be sublime, and grows simply intelligible and amusing. Pale greens, dirty reds, and a general atmosphere of lamp-lit muddiness is Mr. Paton's peculiarity, which mars excellent drawing, and thoughtful and exquisite imagination. If colour blinds, why not sepia? is our interrogation, when we look at the *Triumph of Vanity* (492), hung in a bad place, out of all sight, which is what we suppose the British Institution calls patronage. Suppose a siren, with a halo round her head and a dull bar of sunset behind her, attended by two cupid Pucks, who are also cherubs and wills-o'-the-wisp, flying through the picture, luring on a crowd of mistaken votaries to ruin. There is the knightly warrior, blood oozing from his mailed thigh, rushing on with a standard to catch the bubble. There are satyr lovers and bacchantes and tyrants and old men on crutches: in fact, an epitome of life. Beneath their feet the fallen are trampled and trod to death; but no tears, no pity,—for all eyes are bent on the siren *Vanity*—sister to Sin and Death—(for we presume Mr. Paton does not mean crinoline vanity, but the "vanity" of the Bible, which is another name for the allurements of wickedness. As far as we can see, the ground is studded with emblems, among which we first pick out some crocuses, and a *blow-ball*, perhaps typical of age and youth, with above all this tumultuous and jostling pageant dimly seen through lurid clouds, looms the great reaper the Angel of Death, with vanlike wings that shadow half the world, and the dreadful sword already raised to strike. This is a picture full of thought and poetry; but we do not feel sure that we quite see our way through it.

Every Exhibition teaches its lessons of hope and warning. There are always men who improve and men who fall off. Among the former, we are specially glad to find Mr. Wyburd, who grows bolder, manlier, and less affected. For once he abandons Lalla Rookh flimsinesses, and gives us a pretty face, delicately painted, and with some meaning and sentiment about it. A girl, in a rich and yet simple dress, of we know not what country, is working, at a window, a yellow garland of *immortelles*. Of course, Mr. Wyburd makes every peasant a lady; but with all that there is much to like in this carefully well-painted and highly-finished picture.

Mr. J. Clark makes no special advance in his *Grandam's Hope* (77), though there is a quiet air of domestic enjoyment about it which is new to Art. We see a good, but large-nosed, old woman working, while her grandson plays at soldiers, indicating his future profession. The touch, tone, and general colour is an improvement.

Mr. L. Hage's two pictures are remarkable instances of clever furniture, of pretty paint, of thoughtless, saleable Art. The one is the *Visit to the Studio* (83), the other *Peter Boel arranging his Model* (56). In not one face is there a gleam of expression, or anything that changes them from the coloured creatures on a drop-scene to beings of flesh and blood, of heart and brain:—fat-faced Peter dallies with his flowers, and the Metzu lady, in scarlet and swansdown, looks at the picture. There are red and blue, purple and yellow, all the proprieties, yet nothing proper.

Mr. D. Roberts is an instance of a great painter becoming unbearably arrogant to a too patient public. He now condescends to give us no finish, no attempt at completion. The result is a clever sketch for a small panorama, and no more. If clever men will thus break their reputations to pieces, and put on only just enough paint to render canvas saleable, woe be to them; and who can pity the woe, if it come? These pictures seem a morning's work. Is this the way the old men wrought? *Tyre* (62), with half a page of Scripture in the Catalogue, as if no one had ever read Ezekiel, shows an incapability of thorough or deep realization. So much for the long addiction to quick, broad effects;—and as for *Sidon* (76), it is no whit better. The little red and yellow Turks are sad makepieces to the line of mud-heaps foggily shaped in.

Mr. Ansdell is still better for the tonic of Spanish Art, though not so new and vigorous and like Mr. Phillip as some time ago. *The Road to Seville* (183) is a cart drawn by black bullocks, with a white mule beside it laden with straw frails of fruit. The texture not so crisp and sure as usual, but still better than of old. We much relish the muleteers with the eternal cigarette,—the bullock-driver with his hide gambashes, green turbaned head, and spear laid guiding between the oxen's crescent horns. Mr. Ansdell wants dash, spirit and variety with his smoking pomp in the halted cart, in his road-side cacti and distant towers. Some unkind fortune has put a grain or two too little into the composition of Mr. Ansdell's mind.

M. Desanges is fond of Art tricks, and can do nothing without moonlight, or some perversion of pure honest sunshine tint. *L'Incognita* (259) is a lady with a thick black lace veil, through which you see glimpses of prettiness. There are many difficult things, such as steeple climbing, which are not worth doing, and this is one of them. There is something too hard about the painting, and too vulgar about the dress.

Mr. Buckner is staunch to the old graceful, careless way of painting, and believes still in the Keepsake peasant boys and the angel mothers, which are all ideal, because they were never seen on earth; he abjures daylight, bright colour, finish and every modern heresy, such as first gave meaning and purpose to Art. His *Pio della Campagna* (75) is a telling portrait of one of those vivacious Campagna dogs, and familiar to English artists pleasantly exiled at Rome. The man who holds it looks the whipster of a circus. *The Contadina di Roma* (387), though streakly painted and stifled with brown, green, and other transparent obscurities, is full of a high feeling for a certain convention of beauty, though not based on a true principle. Mr. Buckner's real strength is portrait painting, where his idealism would become a profitable flattery.

Mr. Hering's Italian scenes are provoking—pleasant to look at and unsatisfying: *Varenna* (89), for instance, with its vapid yellow sunrises and cloudy terraces; or, again, the *Mountain Road near Arona, Lago Maggiore* (345), an enchanting scene squeezed into a conventional mould of plausible mediocrity—nothing strong, new, fresh or vivid; but only that introduced which every one can appreciate. We regret to see such talent thrown away on thoughtless manufactures.

Mr. G. C. Stanfield shows no great progress or vitality in his *Saarburg* (330). There is the same grey and green clearness of old tiled roofs and gables that showed him to be his father's son; but we lament, with much picturesque power, the slurring way in which this young painter remains satisfied with merely producing a harmonious picture, without trying to do a new thing, or sculpturing out his forms in the conscientious way that painter works who is producing anything higher than the perishable slides for a boy's magic lantern.

Mr. Wilson's ambitious and flatulent picture of *Tantallon Castle* (298) is coarse and slovenly; the sea lemon coloured and transparent, but the earth earthy, and the castle so much moulded clay—how different from the Dutch fairyness of Mr. W. H. Ward's *Birds'-nest* (411).

Of the painters who always do one thing we have some meritorious examples. Mr. Williams, with his *Evening in the Teign* (374); Mr. Earl, with his *Sleepers* (494), the everlasting child in the everlasting cradle; Mr. Patten's *Badoura* (372).—Of flagrant Pre-Raphaelites, Mr. W. Maw Egley gives us an ill-favoured specimen in his *Lady of Shalott* (373).—Mr. Horlor's *Pride of the Moors* (90) contains some firm and careful painting.—As for Mr. Selous's *Turn of a Straw* (93) it is a miserable piece of stage affectation, with some good painting carefully thrown away.—*The Leviathan* (22), by Mr. Niemann, is a fine study of the great experiment, rendered cloudily grand and immeasurable by a tricky diminution of other objects which is not conscientious.—As for Mr. Pyne, to judge by his *Caernarvon Castle* (47), in which the only bit of strong colour or certainty is a floating pink barrel in the foreground, his pictures will soon become altogether invisible, such a mere thin fog have they melted to already.—Mr. Oakes has a very ambitious and epic looking landscape in the *Vale of the Dee* (375), as seen from above Pont-y-sylltau. The green mistiness and distance is a little exaggerated.—Mr. E. W. Cooke is quite pre-Raphaelite with his abnormal *Evening on the Lagune* (414), a sunset sky of purple and yellow, bar and bar, the very houses being softened into masses of opaque amethyst.—Mr. H. Jutsum is only green with his *Hay Harvest* (159), with a hasty coarseness and want of finish which is not symptomatic of improvement.—Mr. H. Johnson's *Charcoal-burning on the Tyrolean Alps* (459) is an ambitious picture of harsh, violent, and unmodulated contrasts, quite false to the modesty of nature.—A still more ambitious and more successful effort is Mr. Dawson's *New Houses of Parliament* (539), a good painting, but frittered and broken in colour, and wanting firmness and breadth and a bolder use of masses.—*The Recue* (197), by Mr. J. Danby, is a mannered and artificial, but still a striking painting, reminding us of a quietly rendered page of the 'Ancient Mariner.' The interusions of various coloured lights and the coming on of darkness are most poetically treated.—Mr. Frost, the nymph painter, astonishes us with a most delicately painted miniature landscape from the *Allness River, Ross-shire* (291).—Of the miscellaneous pictures we must first mention Mr. Hall's *Cavaliers and Puritans* (434), a crude and unsatisfactory picture, not equal to his illustrated anecdote of Swift. The colour is bald and garish, and the faces are hard, affected, and conventional. All the Puritans were not yellow and leathery, nor all the Cavaliers handsome and oval-faced. The picture is overloaded and overdone.—Mr. G. D. Leslie's *Voice of Mercy* (52) has some promise, but he is at present in mist of antiquarianism, and sees through a glass darkly.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—On Monday last, at a General Meeting of the Water-Colour Society, Mr. E. A. Goodall, brother of the A.R.A., and Mr. Samuel Evans were elected Associates. Mr. Goodall is known by his renderings of picturesque architecture and street scenes combined with figures, and, more recently, by his studies during the War in the Crimea,—many of which were executed under the fire of the Russ. Mr. Evans, we believe, is the son of one of the oldest Members of the Society, and a painter of

landscape and river scenery. At the same meeting, the Members were unexpectedly called upon to consider the resignation of their President, Mr. J. F. Lewis, who retires, and abandons water-colour painting, as it is understood, to devote himself to the practice of oil.

Messrs. Hunt & Roskell have struck a medal in honour of the royal marriage. The dye is by Mr. Wyon. On the front, we have portraits of the wedded pair, beautifully drawn and firmly struck out. The obverse contains a wreath of flowers,—an extremely simple and appropriate design. Altogether, the medal is one worthy of an occasion which has had the misfortune to receive very little graceful commemoration on the side of Art.

The Liverpool Society of Fine Arts (to which we have alluded as in progress of formation) has been provisionally organized. Dr. Thomson and Mr. Joseph Boult act, for the present, as its Honorary Secretaries.

Government has agreed to the proposal to erect a monument to General Havelock in Trafalgar Square, as a companion to that of Sir Charles Napier.

Models for a proposed memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851 are now on view at the South Kensington Museum. Most of the models are architectural, and many of them contain either busts or statues of the Prince Consort.

A Junior Etching Club has lately started, and promises excellency. The members are—Messrs. Luard, Barwell, Smallfield, Marks, Rossiter, Clark, Halliday, Gale, Solomon, Severn, A. Lewis, &c. Hood Poems they first attack. We wish them most heartily success.

Mr. Frith, we hear, even at this crisis of pecuniosity, has sold his Epsom Race picture for the enormous sum of 3,000*l.*, including sketch and copyright. Think of what Milton got for 'Paradise Lost,' or even Raphael for his masterpieces, and rejoice, ye Pittori, in these days of luxury and wealth.

The "Raphaelites" are ecstatic about the glories of Mr. Phillip's new picture—"The Dying Contrabandista." The colour, they say, is glorious; the drawing marvellous. The subject is full of that dramatic power and pathos which our Spanish painter last year manifested so largely.

The following suggestions on designs for porcelain manufacturers will interest some of our readers:

"At the same time that we are endeavouring to secure copyright in designs, I think we ought also to take measures for putting down the fraudulent imitation of foreign goods by means of forged marks. In the first place, this practice is discredit to the morality of those who stoop to it, and in the next, it is a confession of inferiority. Whether or not it could be made the subject of penal enactment, I am scarcely prepared to say, although it strikes me that there would be no difficulty in a foreign manufacturer proceeding against anyone in this country for counterfeiting his mark. However this might be decided, there can be no doubt that public opinion ought to declare itself unequivocally against the practice. Ultimately, such dishonesty is more injurious to the nation which practises it than to the one which, in the first instance, suffers by it, inasmuch as every imitation is a tacit confession of inferiority. The imposture once detected, public opinion pronounces with redoubled force in favour of the genuine article. It is stated by Mr. Marryat, in his 'History of Pottery,' that there is a firm in this country which applies itself to the imitation of foreign china, of which it counterfeits the marks. In order to obviate any suspicion of personality, I will at once state that I do not know to what firm he alludes. But I believe that there are few even of the most eminent manufacturers of china which, in former days, did not, at times, affix foreign marks to their wares. Still, however, the manufacturers of Chelsea, Derby, and Worcester, for the most part, not only avoided foreign marks, but affixed their own. With Wedgwood, this was an undoubted practice,—rare indeed being the unbroken specimens of this eminent manufacturer which want his mark; and in such cases most probably the omission was an oversight on the

part of the workmen. Independently of the gross dishonesty of the practice mentioned by Mr. Marryat, it has the effect of confirming in the public mind an idea which, I believe, is too generally entertained, that British porcelain is inferior to that of foreign manufacture. Being convinced that such a belief is very remote from the truth, I desire, in the first place, that it may be distinctly known what is foreign and what British porcelain. Unfortunately, however, for the attainment of this object, a very large amount of china produced in this country is not marked at all. I possess, for instance, three costly tea-services, by as many of the most eminent manufacturers, which have no mark whatever by which they might be recognized were they to pass into other hands. Nor are articles purely ornamental thus distinguished in a large majority of cases. The reason for this is to be ascribed in some measure to inability on the part of the public to discriminate the real value of china when unassisted by a name, but also to the want of enterprise on the part of manufacturers, who lack that independent spirit which would impel them to create a name for themselves. The following anecdote furnishes an illustration of the tendency to sacrifice permanent fame for the sake of securing immediate sale, which acts so injuriously upon our reputation in this department. Walking recently into a manufactory, where some pleasing specimens of ornamental china attracted my notice, I inquired of the proprietor why he did not affix his mark to productions of so creditable a character? His reply was, that certain dealers, who were in the habit of buying largely from him, would decline to take his goods if there were a mark upon them. On being further pressed, he added, that the motive of these gentlemen was, doubtless, that they wished to be able to pass off the ornaments as Oriental or other foreign china. The specimens, however, to which I allude could only have been mistaken for Oriental by the most inexperienced order of customers, as, indeed, is the case with nearly all European porcelain. Other specimens which he showed me were copies from French forms, and would, doubtless, be sold by the same dealers to unsuspecting customers, as having been "imported" from that country. I ought to add, that by far the best articles produced in the manufactory to which I allude are from their own models. As many persons entertain a vague idea of the superiority of foreign china in general over that produced in England, and as under the influence of this persuasion much money is wasted in the purchase of mis-called 'ornaments,' it may not be without use to offer a few hints with the view of spreading correct ideas on the subject. In the first place, I would impress upon all purchasers of ornamental china that much which is now imported, both Oriental and European, is of a very inferior description. Frightful, indeed, are the gew-gaws which encumber the chimney-pieces not only of village inns and farm-houses, but of too many of the wealthier classes. I lately saw a large assortment of such trash in a 'lounge' at one of our fashionable watering-places, consisting of vases, spell-jars, bottles, &c., tawdrily gilt and coarsely painted. These things were French, were in much demand, and their price was from 1*l.* to 1*5s.* the pair. In the estimation of any person of taste and knowledge, the value of such rubbish is absolutely nothing. Secondly, a great deal of porcelain is sold as foreign which, as I have already shown, is 'genuine British.' Thirdly, porcelain of very high quality and great value has been produced at home, and is still produced, which is infinitely superior to the bulk of modern foreign manufacture. My concluding piece of advice is, never to buy ornamental china which has not a 'mark,' or, at any rate, does not possess authentic evidence as to where it was manufactured. Good specimens of any recognized fabric will always possess a permanent value, while the showy trash with which the bazaars abound would probably not, when offered for re-sale, fetch as many shillings as they originally cost pounds. For the purchase of tasteless furniture, there may be some excuse. Chairs or curtains answer their purpose whether their design be ugly or handsome. But decorative china, unless good of its kind, is a contradiction in

terms, and only serves to show the bad taste of the purchaser.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ST. MARTIN'S HALL—ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS, under the direction of MR. JOHN HULLAH. Series No. 18. **THIRTY-THREErd CONCERT**, on TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, Feb. 16, to commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Part I. Overture, "Mélusine" (Mendelssohn); Aria, "In diesen hellen Hallen" (Ditzauberföte) (Mozart); Herr Deck; Concertino, No. 4 (Kaliwoda); Violin Solo, "Wie einst der Wald" (Brahms); Trio (Guttiereau); Miss Palmer's Sings, "Armen Leute" (C. Wagner); Trio espagnole, for pianoforte, oboe, and bassoon (Brook); Miss George Russell, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. Haussner; Duett, "Canzane und io" (Clari); Miss Banks and Miss Fawcett; "Kanonen" (Schubert); Stille nach den Wuthverlagen, "Faus" (Spohr); Herr Deck; Trios, "Le Spagnole" (Pinusati); Miss Banks, Miss Herr Deck, and Miss Palmer; Overture, "Cheval de bronze" (Auber); Stalls—**Galleries, 10s. 6d.; Area, 1s. For the Series—Stalls, it. 1s. Galleries, 10s. 6d.**

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SECOND PERFORMANCE of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, at Webster Street, Cambridge, on Friday Evening, Eight, TUESDAY, 1st Feb., 1905. Programme—Sonata in F, pianoforte and violin (Mozart); Sonata in A flat, "Pius Ultra" (Busch); Toccata from *Fugue*, D minor, (the Prelude and Fugue, Major (J. S. Bach); Sonata, C minor, Op. 111 (the last of Beethoven); Trio, No. 1 (Mendelssohn). Pianoforte: Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Sinton; Violoncello, M. Paque—
Pianoforte.

Beethoven: his Critics and his Interpreters—[Beethoven, &c.]. By Alexander Oulibicheff. (Leipsic: Brockhaus.)

Brockhaus.) Few artists who have been the subject of so much criticism as Beethoven has been, have in our judgment been so insufficiently criticized as he. Rapture, carried to the excess of indiscretion, has not been wanting; neither has that minute process of diving, sifting, forcing interpretations under pretext of devoted admiration. We are living in a time when this appears to be the rule with those having command over rhetorical language, and who deal with Art. Such confusions may be less mischievous than the shallow negations of cynicism; but they breed dis tempers, especially among the young and the generous, to whom the defence of indefensible positions is a dear delight. That the idolatry of Beethoven's worshippers has done injury to the living school of composers we have small necessity, once again, to declare—none to illustrate.

By way of protest and counterpoise has the present volume been put forward. But it is written in a spirit of partizanship which has reference to other questions than Beethoven's perfection and imperfection. M. Oulibicheff here not only attacks MM. von Lenz and Berlioz and Dr. Liszt and his train, who have proclaimed that Beethoven's latest compositions are the points from which modern music is to depart, but he is nervously active to defend M. Oulibicheff's chosen idol, Mozart, to whom he devoted the energies of his best years in that elaborate and interesting panegyric which is known to all readers of musical literature. Proceeding after the fashion of Procrustes, our author's love for Mozart stretches every work of Beethoven on a standard which he assumes to be the one unalterable measure. These works are approved as good, so far as they coincide with that standard; those are less good in proportion as they overpass it. In consequence of so overstrained an application of honest admiration, this volume is in certain details and deductions little less unsound, possibly, than the ravings of the school against which it is directed.

The above general character of this volume may be accepted as our clue through its reasonings. Without its aid the opening chapter, a sketch of the state of music at the time when Beethoven began to write, will bewilder many who have been disposed to consider M. Oulibicheff just as well as temperate in his criticisms. Rarely has any treatise been put forth so full of the amateurish which has predilections, not reasons; sympathy, but not power of counterbalance. Well executed as the essay is, it is about as useless as if Paradox had devised, and Prejudice had penned it. Thus it must be when any historian or rhapsodist writes of any one man and his works as the "beginning and end-all" of Art. In order to glorify Mozart, M. Oulibicheff curiously flings about definitions and epithets with regard to authors whom he knows less. He seems to forget the singular inventiveness of Bach. He is ignorant of the gigantic power and romantic variety of Handel. He talks of Signor Rossini as if he had invented the *cabaletta* (which he

merely perfected from a dozen forms and examples afforded by other opera-writers), and of M. Thalberg as the pianoforte parent of the accompanied melody (indicated often and again before M. Thalberg seized it as his *cheval de bataille*). He designates Mozart as the apostle of ideas in pianoforte writings contrasted with Clementi, as the introducer of finger-brilliancy. In short, he mixes, mystifies, and displaces qualities, reputations, and historical truths with a sort of wild deliberation only to be explained by our recollection that the essayist is not young and that he has mainly depended on Russian literature for his music; and that some years ago he hazarded his confession of faith by devoting himself to an exclusive apotheosis of a musician who, however great and genial, was less marked in genius than any predecessor or contemporary who has attained such universal popularity.

It must be seriously declared that no detraction is meant from the equal and eclectic perfection of Mozart. If others have been brighter in intellect,—if others, more sublime in invention,—if others, more excursive in fancy,—if others, more dramatic in variety, than he,—none has so perfectly fused intelligence, discovery, and imagination with a rich amalgam of science. But it is not by his originality that we remember or praise Mozart as we do Bach, Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Weber, or Signor Rossini. We think first of his satisfying beauty, his harmony, his exquisite contrivance concealed by the excess of art, his admirable fluency, his flow of melody, boundless, though mostly flowing in one channel. He perfected many forms of composition, he invented none. Handel was grander, Bach more ingeniously scientific, Haydn fresher, Cimarosa gayer, Gluck more dramatic, than he. To select him, in short, as an *Alpha* and *Omega*, as a standard beyond which there is no well-proportioned stature, may be natural for an amateur, but is irrational for a critic. While Mozart makes us enjoy deliciously, and feel tenderly,—steeps us as it were in an atmosphere of perfect beauty, and surrounds us with forms of impeccable symmetry, he rarely makes us think, he never compels the blood to stand still, he seldom tempts the fancy aloft or a-field, as elder and younger musicians have done. He stands midway, to sum up, betwixt the old and new worlds: and midway is neither beginning nor end—neither “morn nor dewy eve”—but rich, fascinating, voluptuous noon, when the day has come to its strength; but when the strength is not without intermixture of languor and invitation for repose.

Such fancies or convictions as the above will excite an outcry against those who entertain them. Be they right, by them wrong, the entertainment of them, whether sympathetically or theoretically, is essential to a clear understanding of the attitude here taken by M. Oulibicheff, and of the antagonism with which he has betaken himself, not to judge Beethoven's rhapsodists—an idle, noisy, and selfish crew—but to judge the strength and the weakness of Beethoven's self. In order to do this, he divides the works of the great German into "manners," each of these corresponding with periods of his life and states of his mind, and availing himself of Herr Schindler's well-meant but stupid book, he accompanies some analysis of Beethoven's compositions with a sort of biographical commentary. There is danger in such a method, if we admit a question of the necessary connexion between an artist's creations and the mood of his mind at the time of creating. Sometimes, it is true, the Poet confesses in his works; but as often he uses his power to evade, to escape from himself, to don moods and characteristics not his own. A passage from one of Cowper's letters will apply to many other productions besides the "John Gilpin" to which it referred. "If I trifle, and merely trifle," wrote the Poet to Unwin, "it is because I am reduced to it by necessity; a melancholy, that nothing else so effectually disperses, engages me sometimes in the arduous task of being merry by force, and strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood, perhaps, had never been written

Besides this, it may be suggested that the

accounts of men of genius, when called upon to give reasons after the fact, for caprices and innovations, or the circumstances which engendered peculiar works, are not always to be relied on, let them be ever so honest in their desire to satisfy curiosity. It may happen that what they are bidden to account for came unbidden, and is all the deeper and larger, all the more certain to engage thought and admiration, in proportion as it approached inspiration in its origin, and was not mapped out, planned, and provided for. Who that has ever conversed with imaginative persons will question the honesty of self-deceit as a thing impossible or of unfrequent existence among them?

These things such limited and pedantic wonderers as Herr Schindler do not perceive; neither, did they perceive it, would it suit them to admit the fact. Proud on the strength of a little knowledge, they arrogate to themselves the possession of the key to every conceivable mystery. Accordingly they force their facts, they represent transient emotions as fixed motives of conduct; they accept as gospel the paradoxical sportings with sense or nonsense which their oracles throw out. Not only is Herr Schindler singularly inexpert as a narrator, but we doubt his having comprehended much that he undertook to describe. We cannot but imagine that the rude, suspicious, storm-tossed beings he followed may have had sublimities and meannesses of nature above his grasp and below his vision,—that the stilted sayings recorded were not always convictions,—that the vehement doings were the exorcisms merely of a nature spoiled and saddened,—somewhat given, as artistatures are, to the exaggeration and dramatizing of its trials and its sorrows.

It would lead us beyond all possible limits were we to assemble the evidences and indications which induce us to take this mitigated view of one so much described, but so little understood, as Beethoven. Enough to have pointed out that we do not consider Herr Schindler a safe guide, and that M. Oulibicheff's speculations on the "manners" of Beethoven's compositions fail, inasmuch as they are based on his descriptions and deductions. As an analyst, he is often confused and careless, always displaying the bias adverted to when he is most willing to praise,—worrying Beethoven for the crudities no one has ever denied, as actively as if the idolized Mozart had never been crude (as the still canvassed opening of his sixth Quartett proves), and omitting mention or appreciation of the noble inspirations by which, from his very first to his very last *opus*, Beethoven showed that, who-ever else might be Lord and Master of Form, he was King of Thought and Fancy in Music. To instance: our critic of the critics can find nothing to say of the lofty *Largo Appassionato* in the *solo Sonata No. 2, Op. 2*, nor of the originality and contrast in the *Sonata No. 3, Op. 10*, the *largo* and the *finale* of which are as audaciously novel as the first movement and the *scherzo* of the ninth Symphony. On the other hand, M. Oulibicheff emits the usual quantity of nonsense concerning the *Sonata alla Fantasia* in *c sharp minor*, and finds the *Adagio* to the *solo Sonata in d minor*, Op. 31, in the style of a "sweet Italian cantilena." This last commendation is peculiarly unfortunate, since the theme, however lovely in point of melody, owing to its divisions and the great distances of its intervals, is precisely one of the least vocal themes to be found among Beethoven's slow movements. In page 179, *a propos* of a modulation in the *Sinfonia Eroica*, "this is strange, but striking," says M. Oulibicheff,—but when he encounters an analogous progression, in the opening of the second Razumoufsky Quartett, he is obliged, in accordance with his "system" (which is, to assume that Mozart's Quartetts were final), to abuse it as stale and insipid.—Again, when speaking of those three remarkable chamber-compositions by Beethoven, and offering a receipt for the canonical manner of dressing up national melodies, how was it that M. Oulibicheff could or would say nothing of the *adagio* to the very Quartett with the denounced beginning, in which the symmetry is even more remarkable than the sublimity? Last of all, it is curious to observe how one so confessedly opposed to the rhapsodical and fantastic

manner of dealing with music as our Russian author should have committed the offence as thoroughly as his capacities permitted, when dealing with the Symphonies.—We could extend the above list of exceptions to quadruple its present length; but enough has been given to justify the tone of our character of this work, which, however honestly planned, is inefficiently completed—in no respect equal in value to its author's panegyric of Mozart. We have rarely met a treatise which more clearly appears to us the product of an uneasy mind and the expression of unsettled convictions. The passages of ingenious writing and speculation it contains (and these are not a few) lose half their value from the author's prejudice and want of clear vision.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—We do not remember a larger audience in Exeter Hall than crowded yesterday week to hear "Elijah," nor a more spirited performance in London of that Oratorio. The public was delighted to have Mr. Sims Reeves back again, and he was singing capitally,—Madame Novello, too, was in her best voice, and delivered her music with an earnestness and passion which till lately have been wanting to her rendering. But a change is passing over the artists of England. They are, without doubt, kindling and refining themselves. Twenty years ago it would have been a joke to speak of any one concert-singer (Braham excepted) as being possibly *too* dramatic; now, we must whisper a caution in Miss Dolby's ear, lest this should become her case. The Queen's recitative was a little overdone.—The "attempt" at *Elijah* made by the youngest of the party, Mr. Santley, deserves no common praise. "Attempt" (let it be insisted) any artist's first performance of a part so stately, so fatiguing, and so dramatic must be, —equivalent to the tragic actor's first appearance in *Hamlet* or *Lear*,—one which, if made coolly, must by its very coolness show the attempter wanting in that sensibility which is the artist's vital sense. Since Herr Staudigl "created" the part (with the exception of Signor Belletti), we have not heard a first appearance as *Elijah*, on the whole, so satisfactory. It is much to say of Mr. Santley that he held his anxiety in good control. His voice, which is charming, bore him well through, —and though lighter than other voices which have sung the music, it told with sufficient clearness and point, even in the difficult passages of the *braura* "Is not his word like a fire?" Very well said, too, was his scene in the wilderness,—perhaps his last song was the best sung.—This to any one who considers the weight and length of the part is of itself enough to place so young a singer high. That the entire Oratorio had been carefully and intelligently studied by Mr. Santley was obvious, and the impression made by him was favourable.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—To discuss anew the "Marble halls," the "You'll remember me," the "Fair land of Poland" of Mr. Balf's "Bohemian Girl" as music, cannot be required of any London critic. Let it suffice to state our impression that Mr. Bunn's operatized *ballet* and ballad opera was more pleasing in its English dress than when it is Italianized and eked out with sung recitations. The success of the work this day week, at *Her Majesty's Theatre*, amounted in parts to frantic rapture. Though Mlle. Piccolomini holds a certain amount of public favour, her *Arline* did not appear to please her friends as much as her *La Traviata* or *Figlia*,—perhaps, because it showed that her resources as an actress are fewer than had been fancied. Her behaviour becomes increasingly knowing; and the hard work imposed on some lines of her face is beginning to tell in the premature disappearance of that youthful look which at first charmed every one. Her singing, too, sounds worn, and was no better this day week than usual. Greater honours than greeted her were paid to Signor Giuglini: who outdid Mr. Harrison's greatest popularity in the ballad of the last act, by outdoing the long-drawn, sickly style of the old-fashioned stage tenor in England. He was *encore* twice, and pelted with bouquets,—the first appearance of flowers emitted against a gentleman on our stage which we recollect. We cannot call to mind so much as a rose

for Rubini, or daisy dropped on M. Duprez, or marigold to Signor Mario, or tulip launched against Signor Tammerlik. It is a pity to see such fatal civilities lavished on one deserving better treatment; since they encourage Signor Giuglini to exaggerate every peculiarity which claimed correction,—and exaggeration is beginning already to tell on his voice. Signor Belletti, on the other hand, handled his music like the complete and conscientious artist that he is, and gave a distinction to his part. He, too, was well, but wisely, applauded. Signor Vialetti gave less tone and colour to *Devilshoof* than we had expected. The metallic, peculiar, voice of Signor Mercuriali as *Florestein* was effective; reminding us of M. Gueymard's "start" towards notoriety, when qualities somewhat analogous struck us in his first appearance as *Anabaptist* in *'Le Prophète'*. The owner of such an organ ought to make for it a career of its own. Among the dreaming—or the sugary tenors, a bitter one (the bitterness not excluding brightness) would be a variety. With labour and due knowledge of "his points," this gentleman might print himself deep in public favour. Betwixt suavity and power there is still an intermediate style. Some charm—others conquer:—those of a third class convince. —As the *Gipsy Queen* Madame Samnier was forcible and looked well.—The opera, as we have said, was received with rapture.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—An essay was made at the *Panopticon*, in Leicester Square, on Sunday evening, which, apart from all theological considerations, seems to us a mixture in the worst possible taste. First came a sermon: afterwards a selection from "The Messiah," with "principals," a small chorus, and the huge organ by way of orchestra. The case is one in which a mere recital of particulars will suffice,—especially since, after some wrangling, we observe that Mr. Smith, the lessee, has withdrawn the sermon from the show.

"Acis and Galatea," we are told, will be performed at one of the evening concerts at the Birmingham Festival.—It seems uncertain whether or not the meeting of the Three Choirs will take place in its course this year at Hereford,—a Dean having risen up in the way to protest. Though Memory suffers when old usages are laid by, Music would undergo small wrong in the suppression of these festivals, on their present basis.—The *Yorkshire* papers intimate that the gentlemen of Bradford intend to try again in the year 1859.

That "the right man in the right place" makes a right sound, we have a signal illustration, in the successful services done to our London music by Signor Costa. No one, again, can touch "the cotton capital," on its musical side, without being aware of the value and pleasure given to Manchester, by the residence there of such another first-class artist as M. Halle. Encouraged by his success in chamber-music, M. Halle is now giving moderately-priced but excellent orchestral concerts, once a week, at the Free Trade Hall. The programmes are satisfactory, and we are assured that the execution is not less so. Anything that destroys "centralization" in music, or that relieves the inhabitants of our provincial towns from depending for their entertainment on "the party on tour," deserves the best wishes and support of every one, whether local or Londoner.

Mr. Ella's first *Musical Union Soirée* was held on Tuesday: with Herr Pauer as pianist and MM. Sainton and Paque as violin and violoncello.—On Wednesday evening a miscellaneous concert for the benefit of the *Dressmakers and Milliners* was given.

Every one will regret to hear that Herr Ernst is withdrawn from his professional career for the present, by severe indisposition.

The week's news from Paris is varied enough. We are not surprised to read that that clever young singer Mdlle. Artot has failed to make an impression on the stage of the *Grand Opéra*, in "Le Prophète." A more arduous attempt by a beginner, unless she happen to possess the highest dramatic genius, could not be made.—We are little disturbed by the tidings that Herr Wagner's

'Tannhäuser' overture, which has been played in Paris, has been found tedious and unpleasant.—The Société des Jeunes Artistes has been producing a new Symphony, by M. Théodore Gouvy, and is announcing, for a coming concert, another new Symphony by Herr Rosenhain.—Madame Vandenhove Duprez, who has left the Opéra Comique, took a farewell benefit the other evening at the Théâtre Lyrique. At this performance her father reappeared: singing an act of 'Rigoletto' as baritone, and the last act of 'Otello' as tenor.—'Les Désespérés,' a trifle in one act, by M. Bazin, has excited the bitter wrath of M. Berlioz, whose feuilleton, on the spread of music professing to be comical in the opera-houses of Paris, is worth reading as a piece of ironical invective.—M. Berlioz is understood to be busy over a grand serious opera, the *libretto* of which, written by himself, is derived from the Iliad.—An organ, built by M. Cavaillé-Coll, for the Cathedral at Perpignan, with four manuals, pedals, sixty stops, and 3,603 pipes, has been just "opened" (as the old-fashioned phrase ran) and pronounced by MM. Lissajous and Le-Fèbvre-Wely (both French gentlemen)—the second an organist never to be forgotten for his resolution not to play fugues), more perfect as an instrument than the organs of Haerlem and Fribourg. Perhaps this is true—possibly not.—Madame Albani has been singing *Ninetta* at the Italian Opera, with M. Béhart for tenor, and Madame Nantier-Didié for *Pippo*,—a combination involving too many contradictions to be found happy.

The Mittel-Rheinische Musical Festival will be held this year at the end of August, or the beginning of September, at Wiesbaden. The first day's performance will be 'The Creation' of Haydn; the second, a miscellaneous selection of the music of the past.—To judge by Concert-schemes from Cologne, Frankfort, Leipzig before us, "the Future" seems to have faded into utter oblivion.—The Sud-deutsche *Musik-Zeitung* announces a coming visit to London, auspice Mr. Lumley, from the gentlemen part-singers of Brunswick, headed by their redoubtable conductor, Herr Abt.

Madame Goldschmidt is expected to arrive in England early in June, it is said, with the intention of taking up her permanent residence here,—and, possibly, of singing in public.—Letters from Berlin, brimfull as they are with details of the festivities arranged in honour of the English Royal Bride, are unanimous in describing the remarkable success there of Madame Viardot, who is said to be in her best voice and spirits, and to have excited an enthusiasm such as has attended her performances on no former occasion in Germany. This, it is probable, may prolong her absence from Paris.

There are private individuals who seem fated to fall in with adventures; there are works of Art, the history and mystery of which never come to an end. Who would have conceived it possible that a new romance concerning Mozart's 'Requiem' should turn up? Yet Herr Jahn's new 'Life of Mozart' (which may be noticed when it is completed) contains something of the kind—a detail of a frightful "passage" of the composer's last years, during which, it was already known, his infidelities to his "Stanerl" were many and reckless. The heroine was a young beautiful married woman, whose jealous husband committed suicide, after having married his wife's beauty for ever in presence of the composer.—To the horror of this scene is ascribed the dejection which notoriously darkened the closing months of Mozart's life, and 'The Requiem' is now stated to have been in part undertaken as an expiatory work by one who was as superstitious as he was affectionate and sensual. It should be added, that, by those who have gone the deepest into the subject, Herr Jahn is accepted as a writer of research and credit.

'Le Fils Naturel,' the most recent comedy of irregular "life, manners, and conversation," written by M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger, whatever may have been its effect on the stage of France, seems, when read from this side of the Channel, less excellent than its predecessor, 'Le Demi-monde,' if only because it is a third draught from a troubled spring:—the first draught from which was bad. It can be only through distorted or mystified

views of life, passion and suffering, that subjects of so questionable a quality can be made presentable in action. 'The Stranger' is unwholesome enough; but the later dramas of the same school are even less cleanly or comforting. The desire to excite emotion in the public, by exhibiting what is illicit, belongs to worn-out schools of Art, and decrepit societies; and here we have a young artificer, older and more worn-out in his combinations, stage-effects and appeals than the most antique of the cynics, who has attempted to impart to his cynicism a certain youth and freshness, in his own eyes, by the assumption of impulse, tenderness, and generosity. 'The Natural Son' is maudlin, and can never (we conceive and hope) be imported for the uses of the English stage—capitally acted though it seems to be by the wondrous folk who king it and queen it over audiences that attend the Théâtre Gymnase of Paris.—'La Jeunesse,' a new five-act comedy in verse, just produced by the new Academician, M. Emile Augier, at the Théâtre Odéon, is advertised as having thoroughly succeeded.

Madame Ristori is now at Vienna, having added to her company Signor Maieroni, whose reputation as one of the many good tragic actors now in Italy is not unknown to the readers of the *Athenæum*. She has lengthened her repertoire by *Phèdre*, *Adrienne Lecourteur*, *Deborah* (by Mosenthal), and *Judith* (by Giacometti). So wide a sweep, in the way of various range of character, we believe, has never before been taken by actor or actress.—A born German countess, Madame Merweldt, belonging to the family of Bismarck-Schönhausen, has taken to the stage,—by appearing for the first time at Weimar, on the 30th of January, in a translation of 'La Fiammina.'

MISCELLANEA

Hymn-Books.—Can you find room for another case of unfairness in regard to books? Seeing advertised, by Messrs. Knight & Son, Clerkenwell, the "twelfth thousand" of a book entitled "The Evangelical Hymn-Book," said to be "already adopted by upwards of sixty congregations," I procured a copy, somewhat wondering how so popular a book, even though apparently recent, should have escaped my notice. The mystery was soon solved; it was an old book, of which I had more than one copy by me, with new title. It is identically the same work with 'The Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion Hymn-Book, prepared by Authority of the Conference,' the only difference being in the title and preface. The Denominational book opens with an intensely sectarian account of the "Connexion" and its doings, signed "on behalf of the Conference, B. S. Hollis," together with a form by which the benevolent may safely leave of their substance to it and its schemes. The Evangelical book greets us in a spirit of general benevolence, uttered anonymously by "the compilers," but evidently by the same hand. The books are published by the same house and printed from the same type, but there is not in either of them any indication of their identity. The advertisement, of which I inclose a copy, gives no intimation of this fact,—and it is rather too bad to have to give 2s. for two pages 32mo. of print. While the Evangelical book ignores the Connexion, it takes credit, if I am not greatly mistaken, for its sale and use; I do not believe that 'The Evangelical Hymn-Book,' as such, is "adopted by sixty congregations." If I am right, this is a case of the lie circumstantial, and none the better for being the doing of a religious denomination or its officers. While you censure the sins of "the trade," you should not, I think, overlook those of amateurs.

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